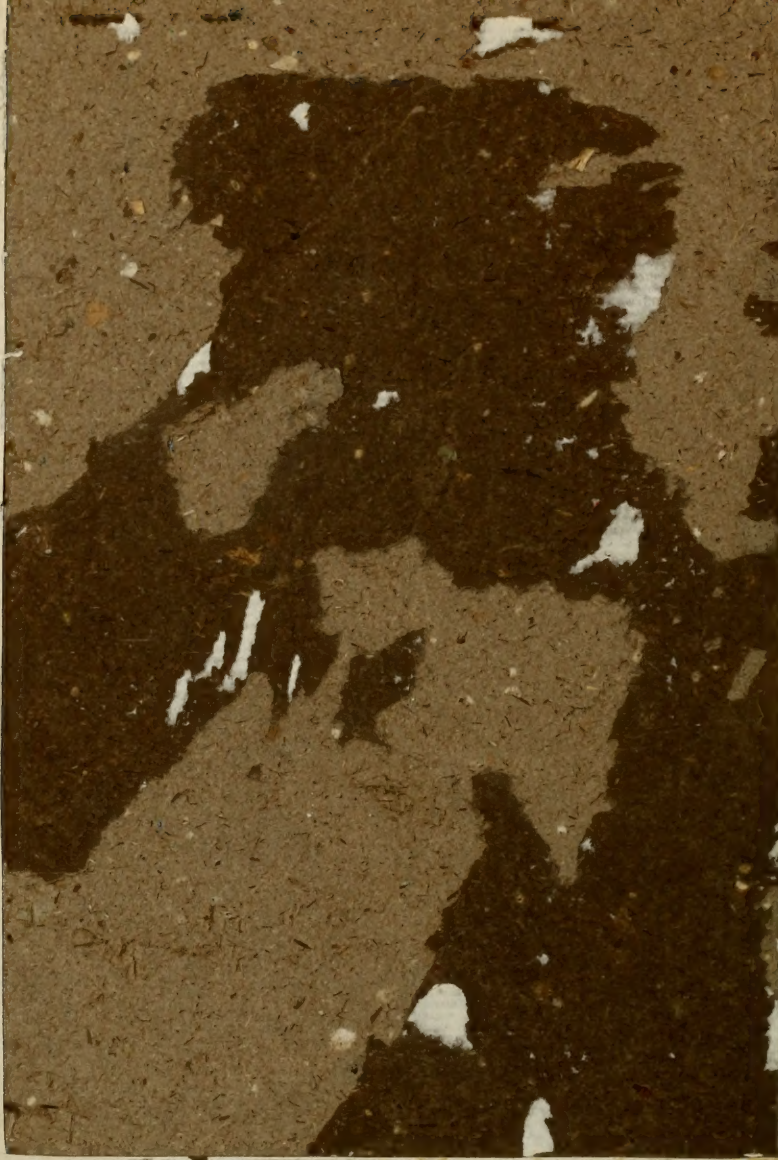


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Autobiography . .

of

Poems .

of

George Washington Johnson .

Aug 1st

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I was Born in the Township of Pomfret County of
 Chautauque State of New York on the 17th Day of
 February in the year 1823 My Fathers Name was
 Ezekiel My Mothers Maiden Name was Julia Hills
 of my Fathers ancestors I know but little
 They were born & married in the State of Mass-
 -achusetts and in the year 1812 with seven
 Children moved to the western part of New York
 then a new Country where they settled and
 Raised a family of sixteen (16) Children nine (9)
 Sons and (7) seven Daughters My Mother was a
 Devout Presbyterian and Raised her Family in
 Strict observance of the Precepts laid down in
 the Bible She was loved & Respected by all
 who knew her She Died at Council Bluffs
 Iowa a firm Believer in the Doctrines taught
 By Joseph Smith. During the winter of 1831 My
 Brother Joel and a young man by the name
 of Almon W Babbitt came from Ohio and met
 with them the Book of Mormon, Other Elders
 soon followed and the result was that my
 Mother and some of her Children were Baptized
 About this time Elder James Brackenbury
 then on a Mission was taken sick at our House
 after a short illness Died and was Buried
 at Laona Two of my Brothers (Sith and Daniel)
 felt an Impression that the Body would be
 Disturbed and Determined to spend the Night
 at the grave on arriving there they discovered
 two men opening the grave which they had
 newly accomplished As soon as they were
 discovered they fled My Brothers Pursued them
 and caught one of them but nothing was done
 but to bring them to Punishment

A letter Previous to this time my oldest
 Sister (Nancy) was thrown from a Horse and
 Broke Her Hip Bone so near the joint that all
 the Doctors of her Decided it could not be set
 and Told Her She would never Have the use of
 that Limb again or be able to walk without Crutches
 when the Elders began to preach Moricles many
 people said when Nancy is Healed & throws By
 Her Crutches we will Believe In the Spring of
 1833 we moved to Kirtland Ohio where the
 Saints were then gathering Here we became
 acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and
 all of the first authorities of the Church And
 here we witnessed the falling of the Stars (Meteor)
 on the Night of Nov 13th 1833 and the Building
 and Dedication of the Kirtland ^{Temple} Here I with many
 others attended a Hebrew School one Quarter in
 the Temple Here on the 9th day of April 1836 I
 with my Brother William were Baptized by
 Elder Samuel Bent and confirmed by Joseph
 Smith and Received our Patriarchal Blessing
 under the Hands of Joseph Smith Sen the First
 Patriarch of the Church Here also my Sister Nancy
 who had never walked a step without her
 Crutches for several years was Healed by
 lay the Laying on of Hands and now
 used Her Crutches afterwards Here after a
 tedious Illness we Buried four (4) Members
 of our Family one of whom ^(S. M.) accompanied
 the Prophet to Missouri in what is known
 as Beons Camp Their Names were Nancy
 Seth David and Susan Here we Passed
 Through all the Hardships Trials and Perse-
 cution Resulting in the Expulsion of the Saints

1838
 1838

From Kirtland Ohio In the Spring (July) of
 1838 we started for Missouri in what was
 known as the Kirtland Camp Consisting of
 all the Poor Still Remaining at Kirtland
 and all who were able and willing to help
 them Our company Consisted of about Eight
 Hundred Souls (800) Nearly all in poor circumstances
 with sixty (60) wagons Our Trip was a Very Hard
 Trying Trip as we were often without food and
 There was Much sickness in our Camp At Dayton
 Ohio we stopped for a while to work on the National
 Turnpike and give the sick a chance to Recover
 While here My Mother & Brother made a trip to
 Cincinnati to visit Her sister and other friends
 During our stay here Threats were made that we
 Should Not pass through Mansfield Ohio (a little
 Town on our Route) But when we were Ready we
 Started along in Close Procession the women
 Driving the Teams and the men walking
 Along side on Mending the Teams we were
 Met by Two (2) Horsemen who Rode Down
 Each Side of our Column Seeming to be Counting
 the Waggons &c as they passed along after
 Satisfying themselves they Returned to the Town
 where a large Crowd were Collected Firing
 Cannon Beating Drums & Seeming to be
 Much Excited But we passed through & was
 Not Molested we afterwards Journal that
 The Horsemen had given the crowd assembled
 a Very Exaggerated account of our Numbers
 and armament On Reaching Springfield Mo
 1838 & Samuel Hale Died Leaving a sick wife and
 one Daughter in our Care Here a Council
 was Held & it was Decided to Leave the Sick

Here for the present My Brothers Joel Joseph
 And the Rest of our Family (Except Benjamin)
 were Detailed to Remain with them to take
 Care of the Sick. Through the winter following
 there was much sickness My Mother and my-
 self were very near dying with Typhoid fever.
 Sister Hale Died leaving a Daughter (Margann)
 whom my mother adopted. We Remained at
 Springfield nearly two (2) years during which
 time the Saints were Driven from Missouri
 and Had Annuael Selling at a Place called
 Commerce - (afterwards Hancock) - In Hancock Co. Ills,
 on the Rapids of the Mississippi. In the Spring
 of 1839 we again started westward to gather with
 the saints but when we arrived within twenty (20)
 miles of Commerce it was thought best to Remain
 there and build a Town at a place called
 Perkins Settlement. Land was purchased and
 a Town laid off and called Ramas (a branch)
 afterwards it was changed to Macedonia.

We Remained here about four (4) years during
 which time my youngest Brother Amos Died
 My Sisters Mary, Esther, My Brother Joseph and
 My self were married, during the year

1843 The Mob Broke out Burned Houses Destroyed
 Property & Drove the Saints from Place to Place
 Joseph & Hyrum Smith were Imprisoned in
 Carthage Jail and on the 27th of June 1844
 were Murdered by a Mob while under the
 Pledge of the state for Protection while here
 I assisted in building & was present at the
 Dedication of the Nauvoo Temple and was
 Ordained an Elder under the Hands of Brigham
 Young & Heber, C. Kimball, and others.

Seventy

Into the 25th Lumber of Scientists, In June 1844
 I moved to Nauvoo, For some time my health
 was very poor and I made up my mind
 to go to the Southern country to try to improve
 it by traveling. In the Spring of 1845 I started
 for Tennessee where my wife's People were living.
 Where I arrived safely after a tedious journey
 of several weeks. Here I remained through the
 Summer, and about the First of October started
 back to Nauvoo where I arrived about the last
 of the month where I remained through the
 winter. My health continued poor and not
 being able to labor I concluded to try traveling
 again & again started for Tennessee where I
 again spent the ^{summer} ~~summer~~ ^{winter} and in April 1847
 again started for Nauvoo taking with us
 my wife's sister & her husband. During my
 absence the saints at Nauvoo had been much
 persecuted by the mob and after a severe
 battle had been driven from their homes
 and all their possessions at Nauvoo and all
 the settlements around and were sitting in
 the western part of Iowa. My father died
 on the 13th of Jan 1848. The times being very
 dark and gloomy. During the next summer
 and following winter I remained at Nauvoo
 building the temple to visitors in connection
 with my Brother in law Daniel T. LeBaron until
 it was burned which happened on the night
 of Nov 19th 1848 and as a very incorrect
 account of its burning has been published
 I will here insert my account of it.

Ezekiel died
 Jan 13th /48

During the year 1848 Daniel T. LeBaron
 and myself were engaged in exhibiting the

Temple to strangers He attended it one day
and I the next. Generally, on the 18th day of
November, I was taking a party through he
had been to the top & returned as far as the
second story when I heard voices below.

Leaving my company I ran down to the
main room below where I found the door
partly open and two men sitting in the pulpit
talking. one of them was telling the other, what
a host of lives the building of the Temple had
cost How much suffering and sorrow, when
I declared and invited them to leave which
they did. He was then, boarding at a public
house north of the Temple across the street kept
by a man by the name of Slocum, after the
Temple was burned He was heard to boast
that he saw the fire when it did not look
larger than a man's hand. His room was
facing the Temple The fire started late at
night when all were supposed to be in bed
and asleep. Now add to this that the west
basement window on the south side which
led to the stairway had been taken out
and was sitting against the wall of the building
showing that no key was used to enter
the building. and the fire was started in
the upper story. Now it is a suppressible
case at least, that if a man saw the fire
when it was not larger than a man's hand
at that time of night, he must have been
looking for it and all these facts do away
with the Agnew story (that he went from
Appenore on Horn Back & with a false key
went through the door and set fire to it)

There are some living now who can corroborate these statements

In the Spring of 1850 I again started westward to follow my kindred and friends, on arriving at Hannesville Iowa, I found some of them there and concluded to stop there until another Season and by the urgent Request of many of my friends I commenced the practice of Medicine, This proved to be the great Cholera year, and consequently a Season of great distress and suffering and my calls were so numerous that for months I could get but little chance to take off my clothing to sleep This was also a great year for Emigration to the mines in California, In the Spring of 1851 I concluded to follow my Brothers Joel & Benjamin to the Rocky Mountains, ^{we started June 1st} But the waters of the Loup Fork, and Elk Horn, were so high it was almost impossible to cross them so it was decided to take a new Route that had not yet been explored to cross the head waters of these streams so on the 13th Day of June 1851 I ^{with} started with my family and many others on this unexplored journey and the hardships and suffering we endured was more than I can describe on paper, we traveled many days over a sandy desert almost without food water or fuel for man or beast But after a journey of several weeks we arrived at the Platte River, in crossing the Bottom for several miles we passed through a herd of Buffalo which extended as far as the eye could reach each way, and as we traveled on they parted right and left to let us pass through.

About ten ^{or 15} miles before we Reached the
 Platte River my son Miles Edgar was born
 on the 31st Day of July. on that Night we Had
 the Hardest Storm that I ever Remembers in my
 Life Thunder & Lightning, wind and Rain, But
 the sun shone Bright in the morning and
 we continued our Journey under more favorable
 Circumstances the Rest of the way. we Reached
 Salt Lake City about the 21st of October we
 Remained in the City several Days Visiting &c
 and then Moved to Summit Creek Utah so
 here my Brother Benjamin was about to
 Establish a Colony. Here I Built the first
 Cabin. I Remained here a short time and
 then ^{on acct of Indians} Removed to Springville where I Built
 one of the first Houses on the city lots. Here
 I Remained ~~Here I Remained~~ until the
 Indian or - Walker - war Broke out and
 Summit Creek was abandoned. I had Built
 several Houses which were all torn down
 and we moved into the fort. Here I was
 Post Master, until the fall of 1853. where I
 was called to go and assist in Building
 up Iron Co. & Leav. the Pide Language.
 where I went in the fall of 1853. here in
 Connection with my Nephew Nephi Johnson
 we Compiled and Published the Pide Dialect.
 and in the winter of 1853 I went to Salt
 Lake City & got it printed. and on our return
 we were snow bound in the mountains and
 suffered much from Cold & Hunger being ten
 (4) Days without food. I Remained in Iron
 Co about two years. The most of my time
 among the Indians and Exploring the mountains

I Remained in Iron Co about two years
And was then Called back to Summit Creek
to assist in Rebuilding that Place. This Proved
to be a Grasshopper year, or year of Famine.
As I Raised Nothing Through the Summer I
Concluded to Return back to Iron Co to spend
the winter, and in the Spring I Returned to
Summit Creek (Now Called Santaquin) Taking
with me Flour enough to Last my Family
and some others Through the Famine.

note/ During the Summer of 1857 I was appointed
Councillor to Bishop James S. Holman and ordained
a High Priest. under the Hands of Bishop
Blackburn at prove. I was also appointed
Clerk of the Branch and Post Master which
Position I held until the Fall of 1859.

When I was Called to make a Settlement
at the Linda Springs In Sanpete Co.
During the Summer I got the Land Surveyed
Laid out the Town of Fountainview and Proposed
to Build up the place & Built the first Cabin
there. In the Fall Settlers began to Come in
and I was appointed Bishop & also Post
Master. Everything went on well for a time.
But Domestic Difficulties arose and Part
of my Family Left me. and I then Returned
to Santaquin where I Remained until 1863
When I Removed to Spring Lake where my
Brother Joseph Had Settled here I again
fitted up a Home for what Remained of my
Family. In the Spring of 1864 I started for
the Eastern Country Taking my Oldest son
with me (Amos) Our Trip was Pleasant
and Rapid from Salt Lake to Council Bluffs

Nothing occurring of Interest until we Reached
 the Crossing of the Platte River, opposite Julesburg
 There we found the water High & the River
 Overflowing its Banks and many Emigrants
 waiting to cross. Here we met a Negro
 with 13 yoke of oxen who offered to take us
 over safely for ten (10) dollars for each wagon
 This we promised to pay him and he hitched
 on to two wagons and started out. The cattle
 found bottom until they got within about
 200 yards of the other shore. Here they struck
 swimming water & then the leaders turned
 around and they all wound up like a Ball
 and we had a lively time cutting them loose
 and never lost an ox but we lay in the
 water until after dark before we could get
 the wagon out and then we found we had
 lost everything except my trunk and its contents
 and one set of harness and a Buffalo Robe. ^{fine}
 But we soon bought a few supplies from
 the Emigrants and on our way at ten o'clock
 the next morning, the rest of our journey
 was accomplished without anything occurring
 worth relating, we had made the journey
 of 1200 miles inside of thirty (30) days
 from home. At Council Bluffs City I met
 with a few of my old friends and acquaintances
 of 13 ^{years} ago and we seemed glad to see me
 and offered me many kindnesses.
 We remained here about one month fitting up
 to return. Here I bought fitted up and
 loaded three (3) of Leases with merchandise
 for Utah and about the middle of July we
 started on our return trip. Had considerable

Bad Luck For a few Days Losing cattle Braking
 wagons &c But soon our Luck changed and we
 got along without accident, we Had not traveled
 far before we began to Hear Rumours of Indian
 Difficulties ahead and soon Heard that the Sioux
 Indians had taken the war path and ~~was~~ were
 killing and Destroying all that come in their way
 and we soon began to meet the Ranchers coming
 into the settlements for safety and when we Reached
 Fort Kearney we were Detained with all the
 Emigration Sit (6) weeks by the Troops at that
 Place. About the first of September we ~~was~~ were
 Released & in company of about ~~was~~ Hundred
 (200) wagons that had gathered there we Continued
 our Journey through scenes of Desolation and
 Destruction Ranches Destroyed Buildings Burned
 People murdered by the Indians and every-
 thing abandoned to them and the wolves the
 last part of our Journey was through Storms
 and Snow we arrived in Salt Lake City about
 the 9th of November ¹⁸⁶⁴ Having lost the most
 of our stock leaving a part of our Loading
 along the Road and suffering everything but
 Death when we arrived home I was completely
 worn out and sick and confined to my
 bed nearly all winter But recovered my
 usual Health in the Spring The next Summer ¹⁸⁶⁵
 I was called to go South to assist in opening
 up new sections of the country and make
 new settlements I sold out my Property at
 Spring Lake with the Intention of going South
 in the Fall when the Company would start
 I sent all my Stock ahead by my Brother
 and I moved to Spanish Fork to sit up

and remained there through the summer, in
 the fall I fitted up Teams preparing to starting
 and returned to Spring Lake to finish fitting
 up and wait for company while there an accident
 happened to my family which hindered me till
 in the winter so I concluded to wait till spring
 and go over to Fountaingreen to spend the balance
 of the winter where some of my children were
 living here I had a long and severe spell
 of sickness which lasted the most of the winter
 and I was obliged to sell one of my wagons
 for bread the winter was so severe that much
 stock died of starvation and amongst them
 I lost five (5) head of horses from my team
 and all of my Horned stock but one cow when
 spring came I found myself in very poor
 health and in very poor circumstances and
 undecided what to do for a team & food for
 my family I finally decided to get over
 to Willow Creek in Ind. co and try to get a
 team and go south as soon as I could I
 hired a man to haul me over and got a
 city lot and commenced building thinking
 to sell out for a team but no such chance
 occurred I built a house set out an orchard
 and made what improvements I was able
 to there had just been a town surveyed and
 called Mond and my improvements were about
 the first on the plot during the summer of
 1864 I was appointed Post Master at Mond.
 I soon built an office and commenced the said
 business and furnished garden seeds to all
 the settlements south to be sold on commission
 soon the great mining excitement broke out

And I then commenced keeping Boarders and later
 to making Trunks which I followed until 1883
 when a Difficulty Broke out in my Domestic
 Affairs which Terminated in all Leaving Me
 For New Mexico Except my youngest Boy who
 Remained at home until January 1884 to
 settle up Business and get rid of the Post Office
 when we took the Cars for Castle Valley where
 some of my Children were living Here at
 Huntington with the Help of my Children we built
 a Cabin and Prepared to try to make a living
 and start anew as I had done several times
 before But I found That Hardships Exposure
 and age Had done their work and I
 Had nearly done mine. My Family did
 not like New Mexico and Returned in 1885
 two of my Children stopping at Grand Valley
 The Remainers came to me at Huntington Cal
 to Wash. In the Fall of 1886 with my Boy
 Charley I went to Grand Valley to spend the
 winter, we Had a very Pleasant Visit with
 the Children and in March we Returned to
 Huntington where we Remained until November
 1888 when I went to Montic to do some work
 in the Temple for the Dead there on the 14th
 Day of November, I was married to Clarissa
 Robertson By Daniel H. Wells while there
 There I went to Fondlangren to visit my Children
 there and Had a very pleasant trip until
 we Reached home November 18 1888

For a few years past I have been in the habit
 of amusing myself by writing Poetry some
 of which has been published and a few
 pieces were published in Pamphlet form

At Saint George Called Dotting, by the way
 By Chas. E. Johnson Since my Health has failed
 Me I have spent some time in collecting and
 Copying them in a Book and also printing a
 Few more Pieces Myself in pamphlet form
 And also in Hunting out Genealogy in
 Which I have accomplished a great work.
 Much of my time for the last four (4) years
 has been spent in this way. This is February
 18th 1893 Should I live until tomorrow my
 years of life will be Three score and Ten.
 And still able to do some good

In looking over this sketch I find I have
 left out several incidents of my life which
 I will here set down

During the summer of 1870 It was thought
 best to have a Reunion of the Johnson Family
 And an invitation was circulated throughout
 the Territory for all to meet at Saint George
 that Fall and spend the winter at that
 place So about the first of October of that
 year I fitted up two Teams and wagons
 and started taking with me my wife and
 family on our way we met with many old
 friends and had a very pleasant journey
 until we Reached Saint George

Here I met with four (4) Brothers and one
 sister and many more of our kindred also
 Brigham Young, George A. Smith, and many
 more of the authorities of the Church who
 had gathered there to spend the winter with
 us we had a very pleasant first day
 with our kindred and friends during the
 winter we had a general gathering in the

Saint George Hall. All of our kindred and many others were there including Brigham Young, George A. Smith and others of the authoritative, with their wives. Two tables the length of the Hall were loaded with the choicest food. After partaking of a sumptuous Repast the Rest of the Night was spent in Dancing and other amusements and we had a time long to be remembered. During the winter we went to Kanab and to a little stream 12 miles above which we called Johnson. Here we made arrangements for colonizing the Johnson Family but did not succeed in getting there. On returning to Saint George I found that two of my horses had got drowned in a large spring. It was now about time for our returning to our North-Em Home. So I fitted up one team and we were soon on our way. We had a very pleasant Journey home and found everything about as we had left it.

A Patriarchal Blessing

Given under the Hands of John Smith Patriarch upon the Head of George Washington Johnson Son of Ezekiel and Julia Mills Johnson Born February 19th 1825 Pomeroy Chautauque Co. W. V.

Brother George I lay my hands upon thy head in the name of the Lord God to seal a Father's Blessing upon thee for thou art a faithful heir to the Blessings sealed upon the Head of thy Father and to their posterity. In the sons of Joseph to be to thee and thy seed forever and I ask my heavenly Father to Preserve thy life and give thee health and

Strength for many years until thou shalt
 accomplish every purpose which thou desirest
 That thy name may be held in honorable
 Remembrance throughout all generations thy
 Posterity shall be as numerous as the stars in
 Heaven which cannot be numbered Thou shalt
 be a sower upon Mount Zion and stand
 with the Hundred and forty four thousand
 clothed in white Thou shalt have power to
 go from land to land from sea to sea from
 Island to Island and from Planet to Planet
 and visit the prisons where the spirits of the
 departed dwell proclaiming salvation through
 all thy course with mighty power and success
 which cannot now be described thy labors
 of thy years shall be according to thy faith
 soon to see the banners of Zion spread over
 all the continent of America with all the
 beauty and glory thereof Thou shalt have
 thine inheritance with thy brethren in
 glory and in eternity and thy companion and
 thy children with thee possessing all the riches
 of Heaven and Earth to thy full satisfaction
 If thou art faithful not one word shall
 fail I seal it upon thee by the authority
 of the priesthood and I seal thee up to eternal
 life Amen Given at Macedonia Masonry
 County Illinois August 13 1844.

John Smith patriarch

A Patriarchal Blessing
 Given under the Hands of William Mc Bride
 Patriarch upon the Head of George Washington Johnson
 Son of Ezekiel and Julia Mills Johnson
 Born February 19 1823 Pomfret Chautauque Co
 New York

Brother George In the Name of the
 Lord Jesus Christ I lay my Hands upon Thy
 Head and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood
 I seal upon thee a Patriarchal Blessing and
 I also seal and confirm upon thee all thy
 former Blessings and ordinations and Desires
 and Expectations according to the order of the Gospel
 For thy Lineage is in Israel through the loins
 of Ephraim and thou art an Heir by Promise
 and Lineage to all the Blessings that are promised
 to Abraham Isaac and Jacob and I say unto
 thee be thou Faithful to thy Desires and the
 Lord will not leave thee Comfortless He will
 give thee wives and Children to suit Circumstances
 and give thee Health and Strength and an
 Everlasting Inheritance and by obedience
 to the new and Everlasting Covenants thou
 shalt be gathered with the Saints of the
 Most High and with them Take the Kingdom
 and Possess it Forever with all the Gifts and
 Blessings pertaining thereto and thou shalt
 stand upon thine Inheritance in the morning
 of the first Resurrection and be numbered among
 the Faithful For I seal these words upon thee
 in the name of Jesus Amen
 Given at Mena Tunka Utah May 8 1851
 William Mc Bride Patriarch

April 23 1893 Note

I Have just come into Possession of an old paper which goes back so far I that I would insert a copy of it here in full as it reaches back to my Boyhood days and the most of it belongs to my family history the words in Brackets I have supplied

Hartland Apr 9th 1835

This day a meeting was called at the House of Lyman Sherman for the purpose of Blessing his Family with a Patriarchial Blessing after the company had come together the Marriage Ceremony of (A. M. (Alexander whole ides) and F. S. (F. whole Sherman) was solemnized by Prayers by Wm & M. L. (William & M. Leland) and the Hymn sung by Esq. Hanson after which the Meeting proceeded to receive the Blessing under the Hands of Pres J. S. Sign (President Joseph Smith sen) who commenced by Prayer

The Blessing of Aseneth Sherman

Sist (let) Sherman Inasmuch as thou hast been obedient to the Commandments thou hast come out from the world in the name of J. C. (Jesus Christ) I Bless thee with the Blessing of thy progenitors and with a Father's Blessing and thou shalt be Blest in thy old age and thy life is sacred to thee for the Lord shall keep it and shall minister unto thee and thou shalt be gathered to thy Father in a good old age and thy Children shall call thee Blessed And I ask my Heavenly Father to Seal & Bless

Lyman Sherman
Blessed L. S. (Lyman Sherman) I say my Amen

9 April 1835

upon Thy Head in the Name of Jesus Christ
 And Inasmuch as thou hast no Father, God shall
 be Thy Father, and He shall Comfort thee
 and it has been Promised too That thou
 shalt go forth and the Lord shall Minister
 to (Thee) and thou shalt have power to command
 the Waters and thou shalt Cause the Earth to
 Tremble for thou art one of the Horns of
 Joseph to Push the people together and in
 the name of Je (sus) I pronounce these Bless-
 ings upon thee and upon Thy Children to the
 latest generation and I ask my Heavenly
 Father, to Seal it Even so Amen

Delana Sherman

Apr 9th 1836

Sister S (Sherman) I lay my Hands upon Thy
 Head in the Name (of Jesus) to Bless thee
 and thou shalt Receive a Blessing with Thy
 Husband and the Lord shall Bless thee so Thy
 Heart shall be drawn after the Gospel of souls
 so thou shalt be with Thy Husband and shall
 go to Declare the things of the Kingdom and
 He shall Return ye many times shall He
 Return and at the End of His Labors He shall
 Return and you shall be Bless together and
 Thy soul shall be Blessed with all the Blessings
 of Heaven Inasmuch as thou shalt ask in
 Righteousness. And these things I Promise
 to thee and ask my Heavenly Father, to Seal
 them for a Comfort to thee and Thy
 Children and Thy Children Amen

Cornelia Sherman

Apr 9th 1836

Sis (ter) S (Sherman) I lay my Hands in the Name
 of J.C (Jesus Christ) And I Pronounce a Father's
 Blessing upon thee thou art in Thy youth

And I say unto thee Keep the Commandments
of God For Satan Shall seek to Destroy thee,
But He shall not overcome, Inasmuch as thou
art Faithfull and thou shalt be Blessed with
Long Life Even until thou art Satisfied therewith
For he is written in Heaven Nowhere to
be Beotted out if Faithfull and in the End of
thy Days thou shalt be gathered Home to thy
Fathers and I ask my Heavenly Father to
Seal these Even So Amen

Almura Johnson Apr 9 1836

Sister (Almura) I Pronounce upon thy Head
The Blessing of a Father thou hast had
Much affliction because of thy Father and thou
shalt be delivered from that curse and receive
the Blessings through the Power (Presthood) of
M (Moses) and now thou be Blessed of
The Lord and you thou art Blessed of the (Lord)
and if thou art Faithfull thou shalt come off
Conqueror and thou shalt be saved when
the Lord shall (Come) and these Blessings with
all thy Heart ever desire for Righteousness are
thine Even So Amen

Susan Johnsons Blessing Apr 9 1836

Sister Susan) I lay my hands upon thy Head
And I say in His Name ^{the Lord} Lift up thy Head
and Rejoice For the Lord has seen thine afflic-
-tions in the days of thy youth Because thou
hast sought to keep His Commandments and
thou shalt be Blessed and thy Family shall
be saved so thou canst speak the Praise of
God and thou shalt be Blessed and God
shall be thy Father and He shall Bless thee
with a Father's Blessing and at last send you

His, and these Blessings I give you in the name of Jesus Christ) and thou shalt Receive a Crown of Righteousness Even so Amen

The Blessing of Mary Johnson

I Lay my Hands in the Name of J C (Jesus Christ) Thou shalt be Bled of the Lord for thy Father Hast also Sought to Destroy thy Paul Because thou Hast been mindful of the Lord and thou Hast been Deprived of the Lord But the Lord shall Comfort thee and Satan shall not overcome Angels shall Minister unto thee if thou shalt seek it with thy Heart thy Sinner shall be Loosed and thy name is written in Heaven and I ask the Lord to Seal it there and thou shalt be Bled with Heavens Blessings Even so Amen

Marlow Everts

Apr 9 1836

I Lay (my) Hands (upon thee) I pronounce Even the Blessing of A I J (Abraham Isaac and Jacob) and Blessing shall Come upon thy Head (and the Head of thy seed if thou shalt have any) and the Time shall Come when thou shalt be called to Declare the word of God and if thou shalt be Faithful thou shalt be Bled with the Blessings of Heaven and in the Name of J C (Jesus Christ) I Seal these Blessings upon thee and they positively Even so Amen

Benjamin Johnson

Apr 11 1836

Benjamin I Lay my Hands upon thee for thou Hast a Right to it and I Bless thee with the Blessing of a Father Inasmuch as thou shalt obey the Commandments of the Lord and thou shalt Receive the Abission which thy Brother Seth Has been

Taken From, and if Faithfull Thou shalt be
Crowned with Many Honours and Thou must
Prepare Thy Heart and go Forth into the waters
of Baptism and then shalt receive the Blessing
of Heaven and at last be Crowned in the Celestial
Kingdom Amen

Joseph Johnson

Apr 9th 1835

If Thou wilt Listen to the Voice of
See the Lord and Thou wilt follow the Redeemer
into the waters of Baptism Thou shalt be Bless
with the Blessing of a Father, and Peradventure
the Lord will give Thy Father, and I ask my
Heavenly Father to Seal thee His, and I Seal
these Blessings upon thee in the name of J C
(Jesus Christ) Even so Amen Apr 10th

The Blessing of Elder John Carol

1835

Brother Carol I lay my Hands and confer
a Father's Blessing the Lord has looked upon thee
and He will be Thy Father, and the Lord will
show around thee the arms of Omnipotence and
protect thee for thou art a chosen vessel of the
Lord and Thy words shall pierce to the heart of
Thine enemies for Thy name is written in Heaven
and thou shalt soar above the grave and all
temporal things and these things I seal upon
Thy Head in the name of the Lord, and thy
wife shall be Bless in common with thee as I
cannot see Her, and it shall comfort Her heart
and these Blessings are to be to thy children
to the latest generation Even so in the name
of the Lord Amen and Amen Apr 9th 1835

The Blessing of Almon Sherburne

Thou hast not opened Thy mouth as thou ought
to have done but if Thou wilt humble thyself

Thou shalt be Blest with a Fathers Blessing for
 the Lord has tried thee and thy Desires mostlly
 have been pure and the Lord shall Bless thee and
 He shall be thy Father and thy Sonnes shall
 be Joosed and thou shalt be Blest with many
 Shewes and thou shalt lead many to God
 And they shall call thee Blessed and thou shalt
 be Blest with all things which they covet
 in Righteousness Desire And thou shalt go forth
 and none shall have power to stop thy Ministry
 Nor take thy Life until thou shalt lay it
 Down for the cause of Christ and in the Name
 of the Lord these are yours if you seek them
 with all thy Heart Even so Amen

In my Researches in geneology I have
 accompsished a great work in tracing out
 the Dutton and De Graw families all traces
 of which had been ^{lost over 50 years} All work had been
 Done for the Dead of these families that
 could be Done until I commenced a Research
 And have found about two Hundred ^{more} to work
 for and on the 30th Day of June 1893 we
 started for the Manti Temple where we
 met others of the kindred amounting in all
 to 22 and we accompsished the work for
 about 50 of that Number I was quite
 Sick the most of the time But we had a
 gathering song to be Remembered Here I
 met many old Friends and Acquaintances
 a number of them Dating back 50 or 60
 years all Contributing to our Comfort and
 Happiness we Remained Here nearly two weeks
 when we Parted company and I then

went to Fountain Green and spent two or three very pleasant days with my children we then returned home feeling that our time had been well spent and the Lord had prospered us in our work we arrived home on the 22nd day of July ¹⁸⁷³ Since then to the present time Nov 94 I have spent the most of my time in writing

I have Rec^d Three Patriarchal Blessings at different periods of life under the hands of different Patriarchs of the church. One under the hands of Joseph Smith sen the first Patriarch of the church a copy of this I have received the others are copied in this Book.

In the Fall of 1894 my health was very poor and I concluded to go to grand valley for the winter. I arrived there about the last of November and remained with my children through the winter and when spring ¹⁸⁹⁵ came they advised me to remain which I concluded to do. and they built me a very comfortable cabin for my use which I have occupied since on the lot belonging to my son - Bro D. A. Johnson. When the spring of 97 came and the talk and preparation for the Pioneer Jubilee was going on it created in me a desire to once more see the city. and when the time came July the 24th 1897 I went to Salt Lake City.

To be present at the Jubilee While there I met many Old Friends of years gone Bye. Among them was my Uncle Brother Living and several of my children that I had not seen for many years and I had a good visit with them and Returned Home about the last of the month pretty well tired out and needing Rest. For the next two years there was nothing much of Interest to Record My health was quite poor so I could not work much. and my sight and Hearing was failing me fast and also my Memory was getting very bad so I found it quite difficult to properly answer the few correspondents I had.

On the Evening of the 18th of February 1899 I Received from the Post Office an Autograph Album. And when I opened it and found the Names and good wishes of One Branch of My Family numbering about 80 members I could not have Received a more pleasant surprise nor a more valued gift. The 19th (My 76 Birthday) past off with a gathering of all my children present. and all appeared to enjoy themselves. I were quite amused over the Album which had been sent as a Birthday Gift.

This little Memento created in me an Earnest desire to once more see all my family. for I past away. And realizing that I could not live long as I was getting old. & my health being so poor.

Soon after this - sometime in March - 99

My son - Joseph E. came in from Emery Co. on business & remained a few days visiting. & had hitched his team ready for returning. While He & my son David A. were leaning over the Buggy Wheel talking of the Parting, I said unto the other - "How nice it would be to have a Reunion of the Family & have all together - Once more" The other answered - Why Not? The Idea came like Inspiration, & the parties were so impressed, that they concluded to try an Effort in that Direction. While Standing there talking. A Committee was Appointed to Arrange for the gathering. The result was - Joseph E. unhitched his team, stayed another Evening, & the Relatives were called together to ratify the previous business of the Brothers, which was done. The Committee appointed were -

A. Johnson of Huntington Utah

J. H. Johnson of Moab "

Steven Jones of Provo "

The Committee was notified of their appointment. When a Correspondence began as to time & place. to hold the Reunion. Huntington being central located, & having some other advantages It was decided to hold it there on the 1st & 2nd of Sept 1899. The next business was to arrange a Program. After some Correspondence Chairman

Ap. Johnson Blocked out and sent, a copy of a program to the other Members of the Committee for their approval. This was agreeably done, & the labor to prepare began in earnest for the Event. Reporter's notes follows.

The 6 months soon passed, & the time drew near. The first of the Relatives to reach this Point, was a Daughter Nancy L. Woodward of Willow Creek Galatin Co - Montana. who for 21 years had not been seen by but few of the relatives, & none had seen her for 14 years, until her arrival here on Aug 21st 1899. The intense feeling occasioned by this Meeting can only be realized by those who have experienced a similar one. Two pleasant days were spent visiting with her before any others arrived.

Prologue

1870

Kind Reader Perhaps you're Expecting to find
 On these Pages a something to just suit your mind
 Some Sparkings of wit or some scraps of Satire
 Or Perhaps Love or Romance your Thoughts would inspire
 Or should ^{you} to some thing more serious incline
 A Historical Sketch or Religious Discourse
 Or whatever subject your Fancy may choose
 You may find if these Pages you chance to peruse
 But you're likely to say at the end He's no poet
 So I'll tell you beforehand I very well know it
 So pass your opinion whatever it be
 But you never could make a good Poet of me

My Mother

How oft Fond memory Pours the scenes
 Of times long Past away
 When with thee Mother I did dwell
 In Lands far far away
 But now mine Eye is closed by Death
 Yet unto thee is given
 Immortal Sights to gaze upon
 The Brightness & of Heaven
 Now Death the shades that thou didst wear
 At once I love to sit
 While Memories of other times
 Around my fancy flit
 I think upon the Household band
 That was thy Heart's Delight
 The kind the fair the loved the lost
 Oh where are they tonight
 The Mother then didst sorely weep
 One lovely Summer Day
 When I went from thy Heavenly Cot
 To dwell in Lands away

on Hearing of my Mother's Death

Thy Tears Did mingle then with mine
 We said the sad adieu
 Ah Little Did I then Believe
 I'd meet no more with you
 Yes Mother when a strapping Boy
 I thought I loved thee well
 But Oh I never knew thy worth
 Till forced to say farewell
 The years sped on and one by one
 The links fell from our chain
 The clasp was gone when Mother Died
 I will never be linked again
 But since with us thou couldst not stay
 Thy spirit would be free
 We'll strive to emulate thy worth
 For long to meet with thee

To my Wife

1864 1865

I am leaving thee in sorrow
 I am leaving thee in tears
 The time seems long to thee now
 'Tis only months not years
 'Tis better thus to part now
 Than linger here in pain
 And sigh for better days gone
 That will not come again
 I'm leaving thee but weep not
 All soon come back to thee
 And bring the hope and comfort
 For thou art dear to me
 I am thinking of the past love
 Thy locks were bright as gold
 Thy smile was soft but now
 Our hearts are growing old

It's not the Blossom Faded
 From off Thy Cheek so fair
 But winter comes too soon long
 And chilled the flowers there
 I'm leaving thee in sorrow
 It's hard for us to part
 But I will soon return home
 Then joy will fill thy heart
 I'm leaving thee But weep not
 For when I've crossed the plains
 I'll bring thee joy and comfort
 When I return again
 I'm leaving thee in sorrow
 But weep not thou for me
 For God will speed my journey
 Till I return to thee

To my Wife Nov

1880

We are growing old together
 You and I my Darling wife
 We have passed our sunny childhood
 We have passed our prime of life
 Many times the way we've traveled
 Has been wet with bitter tears
 And we've had our share of sorrow
 Through these long and weary years
 But we've left that haze of sunshine
 Shining light upon our way
 Bringing to us joy and pleasure
 As it chased the gloom away
 But we're passing down together
 Down the rugged hills of life
 And as soon shall reach the valley
 That will end our toil and strife

These worthy Friends above gone before
 We will clasp the Hand again
 To enjoy a Happy Sunbeam
 Free from Snow Fair and pain

To My Mother 2

1864

Yes Mother I've come Back again
 To this once sacred place
 I've traveled o'er Hill and Plain
 Since last I saw thy face
 And many weary years I passed
 On Fickle Fortune's track
 But here I am again at last
 Yes Mother I've come back

Twice here I left you Mother dear
 And weeping Sisters too
 My Brothers too I left them here
 And Friends both true and true
 But where are all those loved ones gone
 My Heart is fit to break
 For here I am alone alone
 Yes Mother I've come back

But Mother lies on yonder Hill
 A Sister By Her side
 And Friends of yore I travel so well
 Have sickened too and died
 And some have gone to distant lands
 To follow Fortune's track
 And here I am alone alone
 Yes Mother I've come back

I am solitary and alone

Written at Hannysville (Conant Bluff) after an absence of 13 years

In this much crowded Street
 Amongst the Thousands that I see
 Not one known Face I meet
 Old memories crowd upon my Brain
 Old times are coming back
 In fancy I am young again
 Yes whether I be come back

The Vales of Deseret 1864 While traveling East.

Oh I know a little cottage standing by a little Hill
 with an orchard all around it and near by a murmuring Rill
 And inside that little cottage there are friends I never forget
 But his Face among the mountains in the Vales of Deseret

There is the partner of my bosom and the sharer of my lot
 And our Rosy little children all beside within the cot
 But there's many a mile between us and how many a sun will set
 Ere I see the little cottage in the Vales of Deseret

I have traveled o'er Mountains Ever capped with Christal Snow
 And beheld the mighty Desert as I cast my eyes below
 I have crossed the swelling River and pass many hardships met
 Since I left the little cottage in the Vales of Deseret

But my feet will soon turn homeward to those loving friends of youth
 For with love and true affection all the land is running o'er
 Then Oh what a happy meeting when we all again have met
 In that little humble cottage in the Vales of Deseret

To my Sister Esther

Feb 19

1874

Dear sister 'tis the Sabbath Day
 When we should neither work or play
 But people think it harm to write

From Early Dawn Till Dark at Night
 So I will write a line to you
 Tho' I can think of Nothing new
 So lately did I write before
 That I can think of Nothing more
 Unless the Whooping Cough were got
 I cannot tell if it is or not
 Poor Minnie Coughs both Night and Day
 And Nothing Does the Cough away
 The other Cough but not so bad
 And declares the Cough has had
 The Baby worried so last Night
 I got no sleep till Broad Day Light
 To day my Head aches so sweet
 I scarcely know if I am here
 The Spring has been so cold and late
 But little Gardens I can make
 The swelling Buds upon the Trees
 Are opening out through Storm and haze
 The Grass is Green upon the Plain
 And Flowers are Blooming out again
 These all proclaim that Spring has come
 Though Fingers will get cold and numb
 The Times some better seem to be
 A Dollar now and then I see
 Though not enough to kiss me blue
 Of Dugby wants and cloths to wear
 I met a word from F & got
 Or any of the Love List
 B & wrote to me from Spring Lake
 He thinks of me He's Nothing more
 Than to be at Home ere this
 If Nothing with this want amiss
 It's Monday and the Forest Day

Now Had this spring I'll truly say
 So to the garden I must go
 To plant the seed and plow and sow
 To clean the House the women say
 They must begin this very day
 So I must plaster fit the floor
 And do a thousand things or more
 At night I'm tired as any dog
 And Liable in just like a hog
 So I must bid you bon good day
 For I have nothing more to say
 May Heavenly Blessings Ever be
 With you to keep you company

A Burlesque

They say John C Bennett is forever undone 1844
 He Has Finished his course & his Race he has Run
 He has Bashed his last Bark He has Told his last Lie
 And He soon to the Bottomless Regions will tie

Crying Oh Dear

For when He's dead the young Devils will come
 And Shoulders his body and take it along
 Saying while on the Earth is you served us well
 And now I will carry you softly to Hell

Crying Oh Dear

They will take Him to Hell and when He gets there
 Old Belzebub sits in his long Rocking Chair
 Says Belzebub who have you got on your back
 It's Bennett the Mormon Apostle Says Jack

Crying Oh Dear

Says Belzebub Put him away in the Hole
 And Bid the young Devils to fill it with Coal
 And Put in the Burnstone and set it on fire
 For sure there was never like sack a tas (Crying Oh Dear)

To My Sister Esther (on the new order)

You may think it is Hard But I'll tell you the truth
I Believe as I did in the days of my youth
When Joseph Preached to us the word of the Lord
And Told us the Kingdom of God was Restored
It consisted ~~the~~ ^{of} the Poor of this Earth
No matter what Station or matter what Birth
The meek and the lowly the poor and down trod
No Rich man could enter the Kingdom of God
Tas he it from me to say Brigham is wrong
Caucerly I've loved him I have followed him long
But still I must say He is only a man.

And like all will make money whenever He can
There is many a man would do better at home
By Harming his Disting Here pointed out
That man must lack something wherever He be

If I am that Person I yet have to see
Although I am Poor and my living is hard
And I often go short of good clothing and food
Yet Seasoned with Freedom & Trust would be sweet
To Bondage and all you could lay at my feet
So now I conclude with these facts in full view
To not be in haste in whatever I do

But Patiently wait till it's clear to my mind
And not be like many who now go it Blind
When the gods bid Religion to Earth to Dwell out
Our Family yet it's all shure without Doubt
But some get too little and some get a gorge
And Perhaps with the first is your Poor Brother's gorge
Don't take it unkindly whatever you do

Remember a Brother is talking to you
With feelings of Kindness for friends who are Dear
And those who have left us and yet are so near
I think I have written enough for today

Date for

At some other Time I may Have more to say
 May Happiness Ever your Pathway attend
 I Hope To be Ever your Butcher and Friend

On a Photograph

I Know it looks Not as it did
 When in Her youthful Prime
 We stood before the altar and
 She placed Her Hand in mine
 Bright was Her Eye and Dark Her Hair
 And smooth Her youthful Brow
 To Love Ever other Ever more
 We plighted there our Vow
 Since then full many a year has past
 And Brought both Joy and Care
 And left their furrows on the Brow
 And Frost upon the Hair
 But what Care I for Festy Hair
 Or Furrows on the Brow
 The Love I Bore Her on that Day
 Is Stranger's Purer now

On a Photograph

It is not what it used to be
 There's Frost upon the Hair
 The Brow is furrowed old and Time
 Has Left the marks of Care
 But do not Frown tho' fast your Face
 And let the years form may be
 For Time will surely do for you
 What He Has done for me

Old Friends

As by one they are leaving they are passing away

The Friends I have Cherished in Life's Early Day
 Side by Side Through this life we have lived in its years
 And Shared with Each other its joys and its Sours
 Until Time in its Flight has dropped Snow on our Hair
 And Left in our Faces the Tunes of Care
 A few more short years and this life will be over
 And we'll all meet again in a far Brighter Shore

To David

My Thoughts have been wandering Backwards
 Far back through the Vista of Years
 To a time when we should have been Happy
 Ere we knew of Dark Sorrow and Tears
 Of the Boys and the Girls our Companions
 How well I Remember them all
 The Spelling schools Plays and Rinkmats
 The Singing Schools Parties and Balls
 How well I Remember the School House
 Where Sheen kept the school by the Day
 And at night us young Fellows would gather
 With the Girls for a dance or a Play
 There was Manley a jolly good Fellow
 And Dinnie so fond of the Hoops
 And you and I made up the Women
 That used to play Cards with old Top
 There was Bile who would talk of all losses
 Aurora Alanson and Dore
 And Sanford and John & Shugler
 He treated you worse than a mouse
 There was many more Boys I could mention
 But you will Remember them all
 And the jolly good times we've had with them
 At Singing schools Parties and Balls

In fulfillment of a promise to D. I do, however, that I would write a
 Poem on our Playbook Days

Then there was the girls Heaven Bless Them
 The main spring of every Joy
 The Light Hearted Girls of our Boyhood
 Who would not again be a boy
 I know you Remember my Mary
 Louisa and Lydia and Loll
 Pauline Eliza and Sarah

And Joanna who looked like a Doll
 There was Dosh who lived over the Hollow
 The Schoolmaster so generous and kind
 And many more girls I could mention
 But you will Remember them all

Then there was old Lawson the preacher
 Oh how he drove on us Boys
 He would Preach to us Hell and Damnation
 And tried to spoil all of our Joys

There was Gaylord the old Singing Master
 Who taught us Cello Hundred by note
 And kept on a peeping Shor Leather
 And using Hisawl fast and float

There was Morse who would play on his Fiddle
 And the young folks would gather around
 What a jolly good time we did have then
 When we danced to that old Fiddlers sound
 And His wife what a jolly good woman
 Tho' Homely as Homely could be

The young folks she tried to make happy
 Such women we seldom now see

There was many more jolly good fellows
 And women true Hearted and kind

But I'll not stop to put them on paper
 Though their names are all fresh in my mind
 But where are those Friends of our Boyhood
 How few of them now can be found

And by one They are Passing away
 But a few are still Scattered around
 Hardly Married yet Rich and Respectable
 But Dead in the East long ago
 But Daniel is somewhere in Utah
 But where Sam says I don't know
 But Sanford who Married my Mary
 In Sanpete is Earning His Bread
 And Curtis is in California
 And Bill and Alanson are Dead
 Of Schuyler and David I know not
 Aurora is Roaming about
 I cannot Tell where all the Rest are
 The Most of them Dead without Doubt
 And you and I still Cling together
 But soon we must Follow the Rest
 Where we'll meet no more Sorrow or Trouble
 In a far better Land of the West

Dixie

1870

The Time has now arrived for us to Hove away
 As winter is approaching no longer will delay
 Let storms upon the Mountains should meet in our way
 As we go down to Dixie

Our Friends here often urged us to come to Dixie's Land
 Where milk and wine and Honey in Profusion are at Hand
 And every little luxury as plenty as the sand

Way Down in Sunny Dixie

We there shall meet our Friends and our Relations so Dear
 Our Brothers and our Sisters we have not seen for years
 And have a social gathering with plenty of good cheer

When we get down to Dixie

They say the very Healthy way Down in Dixie's Land
 The boys with us are loaded and their quips are long and loud

The Rocks are full of Honey and there's gold in every mine
 Away Down in Sunny Dixie
 But when the winters come the Spring-time of the year
 And flowers tell the tales and sun is shining clear
 We'll come and haste away to our Northern homes so dear
 Away from Sunny Dixie

Darling Be True to me

Darling be true to me only be true
 Cherish the heart that is faithful to you
 What care I tho' friends ^{may be} many or few
 If you are true to me if you are true
 Dark are the clouds that hang over me now
 Causing deep wrinkles to furrow my brow
 Scattering snow flakes all over my hair
 Filling my bosom with sorrow and care
 Thou art the star of my destiny bright
 Shedding its rays my dark pathway to light
 Leading me on through the dark sullen gloom
 I have followed thee on till despair is my doom
 Fondly I've cherished thine image for years
 Tho' often thy coldness has caused bitter tears
 But the light of thine eye would chase sorrow away
 Bring joy to my heart with its lustrous ray
 Thine image can never be torn from my heart
 I must love thee still although fickle thou art
 My love is no pennything to change at my will
 Altho' known my failing I must love thee still
 Return to me darling be constant once more
 Be true thus as fondly as ever before
 Be blind to my faults as to thine I will be
 A few days of happiness still we may see
 Our children will bless us our friends will be true
 To live for each other were plenty to do

To send to your home as it will be to mine
And be to each other a True Valentine

God Bless our Home

It's not because it's Beautiful
This Cherished Home of ours
It's But a Humble Cottage
Amid the trees and flowers
But in this Humble Cottage dwell
The friends that I do love so well

It's getting old and moss grown
And falling to decay
The threshold and the hearth once dear
Are wearing fast away
By foot steps that I love to hear
Though not as light as once they were

Years many many years ago
I reared this Humble cot
When not a tree or blade of grass
Adorned the barren spot
But now green grass and trees abound
And flowers shed fragrance all around

I love that dear old cottage
Though humble it may be
For many happy hours I've spent
With those so dear to me
In that old cot among the trees
Where flowers shed fragrance on the breeze

A Valentine

When Adam was created according to the plan
 He stood within the Garden a solitary Man
 God made a sleep come over him as He look from His side
 And made of it a woman and gave Him for a Bride
 To cheer His lonely pathway Down Life's uneven way
 And make Him truly Happy and Bless Him Day by Day
 Since then has Every Adam been seeking for a wife
 In gentlemen to guide him through all the Sea of Life
 To share His joys and Sorrows to woman it is given
 To be His only Polestar to guide him Home to Heaven
 God's Blessing on the woman as Maiden Mother wife
 And Every True position She may assume in Life
 And when we're called to leave it and try another sphere
 No matter where Her Home may be with His may it share
 A Home without a woman could be no Home for me
 But brightened by Her Presence is Home wherever it be
 Except this Letter sitting under it for Her Home I penned
 And be to me most truly My wife my only Friend

My 54 Birth Day

Once more My Natal Day has come
 The Tally of my years
 It Brings me Hopes of Happiness
 Though fraught with Doubts and Fears
 The silken Threads amongst my Hair
 My Brow well furrowed o'er
 Proclaim that I am growing old
 Yes I am Fifty Four

I see my Children grown men
 How strange it seems to me
 It seems so short a time since I
 Was on my Mother's knee

The years are swift by passing By
 That will Return no more
 They tell me I am growing old
 Yes I am fifty four

The God of Nature
 The God that others worship
 Is not the God for me
 He is too frail and fickle
 He's no identity
 But I see a God who Rules Supreme
 In Nature's works He may be seen
 In His majestic Beauty Oh That's the God for me

He's not a God of anger
 He's not a God of strife
 He's not a God Delighting
 In Taking Human Life
 A God to Love but not to Fear
 His works Proclaim it Every where
 He watches over His Children Oh That's the God for me

I see Him in The Sunshine
 And in The opening Flowers
 I Hear Him in the Zephyrs
 That blow across the Meadows
 I feel His Presence Every where
 His gentle voice His watchful care
 Is ever Present with me Oh That's the God for me

He asks no Blind Submission
 To any Mortal Man
 In Kindness and in Reason
 He carries out His plan

No Priest or Ruler to oppress
 Or Rob us of what we Possess
 In Love He Rules His Children Oh that's the God for me

I Love the Glorious Spring time
 That Brings Refreshing Showers
 I Love the Fragrant Summer
 With all its Beds and Flowers
 I Love Fruit laden Autumn too
 And Winter with its Frost and Snow
 Gifts of the God of Nature Oh that's the God for me

Reverie

Oh how sad is my Heart and how lonely my Home
 As Home from my Labor I silently come
 Through Each Room as I wander my Footsteps Resound
 On my Heart falls the Echo a sorrowful sound
 Oh sad is the Home where no Love can be found
 To scatter the Rays of Bright Sunshine around
 With a kind word or look when we're weary & sad
 From the Dear ones we Love How it grieves the Heart glad
 How dreary the Home where Love's Image has fled
 And the germ of affection is withered and dead
 Where the Hearts we have cherished from Boyhood's fond years
 Is dead to affection and blind to our tears
 Oh Fashion and Pride then art cruel and vain
 How many fond Hearts thou hast seduced in vain
 With thy Lure and Charms and thy girdling array
 With Deception and Vice thou art leading astray
 May the Day soon Return when thy Charn shall be broke
 And thy Victims no longer be bound by thy yoke
 When Pride and Deception with all their gay train
 Will Decamp and old Truth Honest Faith come and Reign

Happy Days of Yore

No matter what the world may say
 I cannot bid Her go
 She's been a faithful wife to me
 In days of long ago
 Although on others she may smile
 And cares for me no more
 Her smile was once as bright for me
 In the Happy Days of Yore

Although she meets me with a frown
 That shadows over my heart
 Her presence is still dear to me
 It's hard it's hard to part
 Although her actions plainly tell
 My Happy Days are over
 I never never can forget
 The Happy Days of Yore

I Cannot Leave My Children
 I cannot leave my children
 They are all that's left to me
 To cheer my lonely pathway
 Over life's tempestuous sea
 For when this life is near its end
 In them perhaps I'll find a friend
 I'd miss their gentle presence
 I miss their boisterous mirth
 I'd miss their noisy footsteps
 Around my lonely hearth
 And when the shades of night appear
 Oh then I'd miss their presence near.

To my Brother J. E. Johnson

Talk not to me of Pleasure Enjoyment or of Rest
With Friends I love so dearly and say tis for the best
To leave all cares behind me when children must be fed
And each Day Brings the labor That gives them Daily Bread

Aweek or two of Pleasure with Friends I love so Dear
And cares all left behind me and Plenty of good Cheer
Is Really a Temptation 'Tis Hard to answer no
But Duty Bids me onward to labor toil and care
How gladly would I meet you to wander over the Hills
To pluck the mountain Flowers and watch the morning dews
To angle in the streamlet To Hunt upon the plain
To climb the mountain gorges and be a Boy again
You surely will remember That life is passing fast
And each year as it passes seems shorter than the last
That Fortune has been fickle in dealing out my store
And ever kept me guarding the grain wolf from my door
So I must still keep feeling as years on years goes round
But Hope it will be Bites in the Happy hunting ground

Thoughts of the Past

I today in overhauling

Picked up something on the floor

Was a Bundle of Old Letters

Old and Faint worn nothing more
Dearest Husband said The letters

Ah my Eyes are filled with Tears

'Tis a sentence well Remembered

Though not heard for many years

Thoughts of years that long had Vanished
Cheer each other through my mind

When to me kind words were spoken
 From a heart so true and kind
 When bright smiles were shed around me
 Gentle words I then did hear
 When around the fire side gathered
 With our friends and children dear

When with gentle smiles she met me
 When my Dearly Lost was here
 And our children gathered round as
 At our humble cottage door
 Now how changed! Oh draw the curtain
 Let not words this signal tell
 Social Happiness has vanished
 Life's enjoyment Fare you well

To My Brother Joel

Dear Brother in thinking over times that are past
 It seems to me years since I heard from you last
 And I've almost forgotten your present address
 Of your family matters I really know less
 But I do not forget you are my Elder Brother
 The senior of all of the sons of our mother
 Then why not be social with Brother and friend
 This life is but short we are nearing the end
 Then write me a letter and let it be long
 Tell me how fares yourself are you free or strong
 And how fares your wife and your children and friends
 Your health and your hopes and your honest friends
 Now as to myself I have little to tell
 My health is quite poor I am never right well
 And the times are so sad and so poor prospects ahead
 To clothe up my children and furnish them bread
 I have ten children married and left the old cot.

with wife and five others I stick to the spot
 I have seventeen grand children all under ten
 little Prospects all suit to make women and men
 My Prospects in Business is not very good
 I have all I can do to get clothing and food
 But I toil on in Hopes that the future may be
 A little more bright to my friends and to me
 Then write to me often I'd pleasure to me
 To hear from my friends wherever they be
 May you many more years of true Happiness see
 With peace your companion wherever you be

To Laura

A few short months have passed away
 Since she a youthfull Bride
 Was standing by the Altar
 And He was by Her side
 Her Hopes were High for Happiness
 For many many a year
 With Him she loved with all Her Heart
 And friends she loved so dear

How short the Time How sad the change
 She laid him in the grave
 And now she mourns Her Dearest Friend
 No Earthly Power could save
 Hard is Her lot though Borne by Brute
 But Time will soothe the pain
 Though Clouds do shadow Dark as night
 The Sun will shine again

To my Brother Joel

Dear Brother your Letter was duly Received
 And my hand by its contents was somewhat Relieved

For I'm Happy to Learn There is one in our household
 Who has plenty of Money goods Houses and Lands
 With Friends, wives and Children all faithful and kind
 And Health of the Body and Peace of the mind
 At Peace with all men and all good things in store
 What man on this Earth couldst be anything for more
 Then may you these Blessings Enjoy for ever
 And many more great but life passing is over
 May you lie down in Peace when the bell is rung
 When you're finished lifes work may you know its end
 With me this worlds goods are but scanty and small
 Where I now get a Dollar a hundred I need
 To supply all my wants as each day passes over
 I must struggle to keep the grim wolf from my door
 As winter approaches my clothing is scant
 No money to buy the provision I want
 To provide for my wife and my children and friends
 With food and with clothing my wants have no end

The Holidays are Over

The holidays are over, the brightest days of all
 The lights are all extinguished from banquet and hall
 Where late the joyous din was with unceasing gaily feet
 In a whirling on the waltzes to notes of music sweet
 And peals of joyous laughter resounded through the hall
 And happiness and pleasure presided o'er all
 Now all is dark and gloomy and silence fills the room
 The lights are all extinguished and all is but gloom
 As now I sit and ponder I think of days long past
 Of days when it was happiness of days so good to last
 I then was young light hearted and friends were kind and true
 This world was bright and joyous to see and to do
 Then like this hall with diners by the way gay and light
 When the hall deserted is dark and dull as night

My 56th Birth Day

How swiftly glide the Passing years
 With all their sorrows Toys and fears
 That bring me nearer to the Close
 When I shall find my last Report
 Another year has flown away
 And brought again my Natal Day
 With wrinkled Brow and frosty Hair
 That tell of toil and anxious care
 My fifty sixth year now is past
 And who shall tell his not the last
 Of toil and sorrow pain and weal
 That I on Earth shall have to know
 And when the Time shall come may I
 Be willing and prepared to die
 And have no fears that worse I'll find
 When Earthly things are left behind

A Burlesque

Good morning my friend said the Devil one Day
 To a Piper he met as he puffed at his pipe
 You seem to be happy so tell me I pray
 Has anyone started a Hell up this way
 For just as I started some one said the Devil
 That somewhere in Hell a woman did dwell
 Who had gone into Business such a figure he said
 So porous I could kill all the Devils in Hell
 And I thought I would just like to find out the place
 For to me it would be such a lastingly Disgrace
 For I never again could old Betsey but face
 If to such a vile haunt he my foot steps should trace
 I am fond of a glass of good liquor you know
 And I often indulge with my friends down below
 But to such a vile haunt if I ever should go

They would Drive me from Hell I would be staying & so
 There once was a woman From just such a Place
 She come down below From the Earth in Disgrace
 So Cold Belzebub Thought It would make a Jest out
 So He tried Her with Fire But she laughed in His Face
 Then we piled up The Bonestones and Built such a Fire
 That we stood a mile off and we Dare not get higher
 But she laughed Him to Scorn with The Ram's Horny Hoars
 So she back to Earth came and we gazed atting By Her
 Then Cold Belzebub Fumed She would come back again
 And storm His Dominion with all His vile Train
 So He placed a strong guard round His Spacious Domain
 And sent me to see if some how it could gain
 We have no place for such filthy wretches below
 And in Heaven they will not admit them you know
 It hard to tell where such vile wretches will go
 But where ever it is I'd be Pity and Love

Little, Merry, Mormons

We Merry Little Mormons are together, we have come
 To see what we intend to do when we are older years
 We are resolved while we are young, To Study and to learn
 To make good honest faithful men when we that time earn
 We are resolved we will not seek a man that has the glass
 He has a Habit of strong Drink so do we, let him Pass
 We will not marry any man who smokes or chews the weed
 His Habits would too filthy be so he is so decreed
 We will not marry any man who swears or is profane
 For in this world we are forbid to take the name in Vain
 We will not marry any man who lingers in the street
 For he would not a House provide or turn the wheel well out
 The man we marry must be pure in body and in mind
 He must be honest kind and true to sober thoughts inclined
 He must be free from every sin that we have mentioned here

To such a man we'd give a Heart True Honest and sincere
 Though He might have a Dozen wives for that, it would not care
 We think we'd love him just as well and as the love would show
 We'd rather love an honest man with all the faults he's got
 Than any one who will indulge in all these little sins

To D. T. Le Baron

I have set myself down for a sort of a letter
 On this Dearly shut of Papers to answer your letter
 For not waiting before you express to me soon
 I expect your return. You write me tomorrow
 The man that called there to Williams was sent
 But it seems that He called upon you as He went
 If the Bishop Don't like your Long Green Dress There
 You may send it to me I'll play Bishop out Here
 You are Right when you fancy the face of the Bees
 Through this long dreary winter with poor food and horse clothes
 Now I think at that game could we all one time play
 As we did on my lot it would drive care away
 But his part we shall never meet again here
 When I think of the past in my eye starts a tear
 There are left of our Early Companions but few
 And at some must follow To Earth but adieu
 You say you are making a Fishery net how
 I would rather have that one we had in it once
 It would bring to my mind such a crowd of old times
 You will think of them all though they're not put in Rhymes
 Yet I wish you good luck with the one you will make
 And I'll help you in eating the fish you will take
 You say that the Boys are in School doing well
 It on this is the news I am glad you can tell
 And I hope you will send the Review out to me
 For I am quite anxious the paper to see
 The Liberator's name and was glad by Review

This is an answer to his letter The Date is lost - But about 1868 or 1870

How the Baby Has Strung them you'd not have believed
 You spoke of the Fruit trees which you had to spare
 As to what I want I'll be glad of them trees
 And whatever you send to your credit I'll please
 Tho you never are paid till the last day of June
 I'm resolved on an orchard on orchard I'll have
 Unless I should leave or be put in my grave
 To get some of good size I am somewhat doubtful
 And since I have said here that we live to that kind
 And any good thing in the best of small fruit
 You of course will remember I shall suit
 As I can do without food to eat clothes to wear
 And for this I of course must begin to prepare
 So I think that a business here would do well
 So I think I will make one and have trees to sell
 All the sprouts from the orchard and seeds that will grow
 In the spring I'll be glad if you surely will know
 And seeds for the garden I must have as well
 For my own private use I a few more to sell
 For I have got nothing I raised here last year
 So just send me the price and the seeds you can spare
 I must save every penny I can for my Aunt
 What I can't with my hands I must do with my head
 I am sorry I have not of Plum stones & Pecks
 To make me a Hedge in my Garden out back
 Of course you will laugh when you read what I say
 About selling out Fruit trees at this late a Day
 But there is an old saying that tells that forenoon
 A thing that's done late is better than never
 And enough on this subject need no more say
 So I'll shut it and give you a good Night to say
 I think I have answered your letter all right
 So now I will say we're not all well to night
 I have had a bad spell of that pain in my hand

And today I have spent the most time in my bed
 But I'm better than I say when you read what I write
 But I would not be scribbling such nonsense to night
 And this aching cough too if the young ones get
 And they keep us awake whether sleepy or not
 And Eveline too is complaining to day
 And who has not some aches I am sure I can't say
 But I think we shall all soon get better all right
 So I'll just take a snooze and I'll bid you good night

To David Bowen

'Tis idle words to say weep not
 When Dearest Friends Depart
 Although we feel they've gone to Rest
 The Parting Rends the Heart
 But when we think a few short years
 And we shall meet again
 To live a happier better life
 And never part again
 It soothes the anguish of the Heart
 And helps the pains to Bear
 Although we sadly miss them here
 To know we'll meet there there
 Then may this thought help you dear Friend
 Your Bitter grief to Bear
 And soothe the anguish of your Heart
 To know you'll meet her there
 I know she was your Dearest Friend
 True Loving Faithful Kind
 To know her was to love her well
 Such Friends how few we find
 She's gone to Rest not far away
 She Hovers Round you still
 To guard your rest sleep day by day
 And keep you from all ill

Then may I to my Dearest Friend
 You soon will meet again
 Where Pain and Sorrow never come
 To never part again

Who will Love me when I'm Old
 Oh this world is sad and dreary
 As the years go slowly by
 Bringing to me every Fear
 That the End is drawing Nigh
 All alone I sit and ponder
 O'er this life so Dark and Cold
 And the Future oft arises
 Who will Love me when I'm Old

Weakly Supine on my Forehead
 Snow flakes gather on my Hair
 Sighs grow dim and looks grow shadowy
 Sad Result of age and Care
 I in youth had Friends, a plenty
 Now there none is growing Cold
 Who will Care for me when feeble
 Who will Love me when I'm Old

Had I one kind Friend to cheer me
 On my sad and lonely way
 With her piercing Eyes, hear me
 Turning darkness into day
 Such a Friend would be more precious
 To my Heart than Gems or Gold
 She would cheer my lonely pathway
 She would Love me when I'm Old

Birth Day

Upon your Natal Day Dear Friend
 This Friendship Token I have Penned
 Although Three score and Ten are o'er
 May you Enjoy another Score
 With peace and Happiness and Health
 And all that constitutes true wealth
 And as each Natal Day Goes Round
 With you May every Joy abound
 And Bring to mind your absent Friend
 This Token who to you have Penned.

Loneliness

Talk not to me of Loneliness when Friends are kind and true
 Altho we are called to separate and Bid them all adieu
 For when the time shall come to meet the Joy that fills each Heart
 Will more than pay the Pains of grief since we with them did part

But when the ones we Dearly Love Regardless of the pain
 Departs and leaves no token that your Love meet again
 No kindly look no pleasant word to soothe the aching Heart
 But coldly leaves you without Hope Oh then 'tis Hard to part

'Tis then we feel a loneliness a sinking at the Heart
 An aching void we cannot fill but must endure the smart
 The keenest pang the Heart can know the most enclosing Pain
 To give the love of all the Heart and not be loved again

My Dear Old Coat

Thou Dear old Coat with which I've passed
 Through many a storm and weary Blast
 I'll Hang behind the Door
 Cold winters past and Summers near
 Both cold I now have taught to fear
 From snow or winter Dew

Thou hast served me long and served me well
Thy worth old coat I cannot sell

Thou wert my only friend
With thee I've found the Road of Life
Wrapped in thee safe when storms were ripe

On thee I could depend
Thou art now much the worse of wear
With patches on thee here and there

With oft a rent or spot
But these mischances fall on thee

In the good cause of serving me

These marks of age thou'st got
Old friend think not these marks of wear
Will cause me for this loss to care

Thou art no summer friend
For thou art dearer far to me

Than Gaudy silk could ever be

On thee I could depend
How different thou from them the while
The Sun of Fortune shines they smile

But let a cloud appear
They're off like shot thou art a warm
Kind faithful friend in every storm

With thee I need not fear
I'll well old friend but think thou not
That thou wilt ever be forgot

Through summer's sultry reign
When winter comes she'll come for you

And have you chilled and muddled too

And but you are again
I'll trust thy friendship in this storm
For thou old friend will keep me warm

Through winter's storms & rain

Like me thou art getting old and worn
 By many a snay we have been torn
 But we'll not part again

TO E - - -

When sickness and sorrow Encompass thee Round
 And Solist. Companions No more can be found
 And sorrow overshadows thy once loving Heart
 There's one who still Loves thee wherever thou art

When Summer Friends Vanish thy charms shall Decay
 And all thy Bright Prospects have faded away
 When all Hope has Vanished and sad is thy Heart
 There's one who still Loves thee wherever thou art

When all your Bright Fancies allure you no more
 And all your Past actions you stop to think o'er
 There is one you will Pity if you have a Heart
 For you know He has Loved thee wherever thou art

Time surely will show you the Wrong you are doing
 And the Hearts you have wrecked in the Cause you're pursuing
 God grant it may be E'er our Dearest Part
 May you Love him who Loved thee wherever thou art

January 12th

I am thinking to day of the years that are past
 And how this day arrond in Each year to the last
 With a Thought of Remembrance By Each of our Race
 Since so many Events on this Day we can trace

Just this Day that our Father was born Records say
 And Married our Mother on this Noted Day

They also inform us a sister was born
And that our father Died on this Day in the morn

One grandchild was married on this fatal Day
And what more has happened I'm sure I can't say
In the years that are past we have oft met together
And a good social Time we have with each other

But these times are all past we are passing away
And but few now remain to Remember the Day
But as long as I live as this Day passes over
I will cherish kind thoughts of those dear friends I love

My Mothers Ring

The gold was once my fathers andlers
That made the little Band
Turns made and lettered to be worn
Upon my Mothers Hand
But ere she saw the Precious Gem
She went to Heaven above
I placed it on my finger then
In token of Her love

A Brother saw the Precious Gem
And cruel words he spoke,
I cast it from my Mothers Ring
Our friendship shall not break
Let others wear the gem that will
He has no charm for me
I'll wear no gem to bring to mind
The love she bore for me

My Mothers Love so pure so kind
Unselfish and so true

When tempted in the Path of crime
 I am sure to think of you
 Though many years have passed away
 Since she was with us here
 There's not a moment I forget
 My gentle Mother Dear

Spring (A Burlesque)

Ye poets may muse on the Beauties and song
 Of the Bells and the Flowers and the fragrant sweet Spring,
 The beautiful sunshine the dew on the Flowers
 The song the Birds as they song in the Bowers
 But what are such pleasures to me in my bed
 Unshadowed with bliss & a pain in my head
 Each joint in my body seems pulling apart
 With not a bright prospect to cheer a sad heart
 I must go to the office to see to the mail
 Or a package of seeds when I keep them for sale
 Then the cows are to milk and the pigs are to feed
 And the wood is to chop I must put in the seed
 From the kitchen they call there's no flour or meat
 No sugar tea coffee to drink or to eat
 Not a dime in the pocket and worried to death
 Sick at heart and in body can scarce draw a breath
 Then sing not of spring time unless it of cure
 Bring health to my body and peace to my purse
 And peace of mind give me and sweet that's all
 To enjoy life in spring winter summer or fall

Spring

Spring is coming Bees are humming in the fragrant air
 Birds are singing Bells are ringing all is bright and fair
 Flowers are blooming all perfuming Nature all is bright
 Includes shining bright sun shining shedding golden light

Shady Bowers Summer Flowers Scattered on the plain
 Dew Drops glisten as we listen to the Summer Rain
 Singing Birds Lowing Herds Come with Bounteous Spring
 Opening Flowers Summer Showers Summer months will bring
 yellow leaves golden sheaves in the autumn Hay
 Winter Cold young and old Dismiss the time away

Home is still Home

Around my own Fireside I'm sitting tonight
 The fire on the Hearth Burning cheerfull and bright
 No place on the Earth is so Pleasant to me
 For Home is still Home although Homely it be
 Although I to a far Distant Country may roam
 My thoughts wander back to the Pleasures of Home
 Then I sigh for the fireside so pleasant to me
 For Home is still Home although Homely it be
 Though Passion or Pleasure may charm me awhile
 Or glittering gold may my moments beguile
 Still the thought of that Fireside will still cling to me
 For Home is still Home altho Homely it be
 There is no place on Earth that to me is so dear
 As the Fireside my children are clustering near
 Then Tempt me not from it tis Heaven to me
 For Home is still Home although Homely it be
 Altho poverty Drive me to leave I must go
 A lingering look on each loved one Bestow
 With a prayer that each loved one from Home may be freed
 For Home is still Home although Homely it be
 My Home is a Cottage Surrounded by trees
 Where flowers shed fragrance on each swelling breeze
 Is Old and fast going to Ruin like me
 But Home is still Home although Homely it be

The Crumbler

Oh who can I imagine what plagues and what bothers
 To try to write verses to satisfy others
 So varied their fancy no two can agree
 What style or what subject good verses should be

For instance the Matron wants Matters of Facts
 Inclined to be Pious from scandal's contact
 While the Miss in her teens must have Love and Romance
 With Romances by moonlight and mystery by chance

The Maidens of uncertain age let me see
 Mix equal Parts Gossip and Scandal and Tea
 The Lady of Fashion prides her beautiful face
 She loves of a Bonnet Rings Diamonds & Lace

The Soldier of Stormy Battles and Slaughter
 The Sailor of daring Deeds Done on the water
 The Banker of Gold & the Broker of Stocks
 The Sportsman fast Horses the Mines of Rocks

The Gamester How easy a fortune is made
 The Merchant of Profit in Barters and Trade
 The Rumeller Making his Customers Gay
 Of Jolly good Fellows as Drunk as a Day

The Jokester as Homeward He staggers along
 If tis Vulgar Enough He is singing your Song
 While the Purson will say it all Very well
 If it Tells about Heaven and warns you from Hell

The Turnip green Meadows and Bright yellow Grain
 The Lady of Flowers Scattered over the plain

The Doctor His Drugs & The Student His Books
Of The Sweet you must Talks of His Exquisite Looks

Then How can we make up our Kixes & Sux
All grades from The Gentleman Down to the Brute
So I'll give up the problem I have no more Bother
But will just suit my self there no care for another

Apple Blossoms

I gave to Her a Bunch of Flowers
Of Virgin Apple Blossoms
One to adorn Her auburn Hair
Another for Her Bosom

Says She How Sweet These Flowers are
She placed one on Her bosom
The other, in Her auburn Hair
And Pinned them fast She'd loose them

Says I They are not Half so sweet
As she who Does them wear
When she is Loving Kind and True
Says She Now do Take care
These Flowers are Beautiful to me
When she for me will wear them
But when she Spurns them from my Hand
I'll only Prizes fear them

Dollars and Dimes

I've been thinking to day of what absolute Sway
In these Hard and unreasonable Times
Of so simple a Thing as the Clever Pleasing King
Of the Powerful Dollars and Dimes

No power so strong can compete with it long
 Against the Bright Ring and the Chimes
 It holds a full sway and will carry the Day
 The King of the Dollars and Dimes

If an officer you leave it you surely can have
 Although hard for the poor are the times
 If your Purse is Replete you can it well be beat
 If you shell out the Dollars and Dimes

At the Bar you appear and your case is quite clear
 There are plenty will test to the Chimes
 That their Mimicry will Brighten that they can enlighten
 The Jury For Dollars and Dimes

Though arrested and tried for the case they decide
 You need have no fear of the Times
 You will surely get clear if your best friend is near
 The Powerfull Dollars and Dimes

Though in Prison you lie & are likely to die
 No matter How great are your crimes
 Though your Fate may be sealed it may yet be appeased
 If you're Pent up of Dollars and Dimes

But the want of the King of this Powerfull thing
 Has sent good men to Prison sometimes
 And there they may lie and languish and die
 For want of these Dollars and Dimes

May the Day come again when the Powerfull Reign
 Of the Ring and the Chime and the Chimes
 May be shown of its might and be used in the Right
 These Powerfull Dollars and Dimes

A Dollar or Two

Ye Poets may sing of the power of Dimes
And call their possession the greatest of crimes
But tell me without this what good you could do
I am sure I'd be glad of a Dollar or Two

In the Shop you see something you Really admire
A present for wife you have long wished to Buy Her
You feel in your Pockets what more can you do
In Hopes you may there find a Dollar or Two

You go to the Restaurant for a Square meal
Your Stomach is Empty Quite Hungry you feel
Your Pockets are Empty it makes you feel Blue
How then would you fancy a Dollar or Two

You are sick and Discouraged could likely to Die
You call in the Doctor as He prescribes
You want His advice & the Medicine too
But He is in want of a Dollar or Two

Your Surgeon will tell you your Cure is Quite slow
He can soon set you Free you have Nothing to Fear
When He pockets the Fee He's Expecting from you
But you languish in pain for a Dollar or Two

Your wife will be asking for Money to Buy
Some nice little Thing She may have in Her Eye
Your children want clothing But what can you do
If you are not possessed of a Dollar or Two

Then may it be said my Fortune is told
A few Precious Dollars of Silver or Gold

For in this Hard world it pleasant to have
The Bright Shining Face of a Dollar or two

All men seek to win it The Root of all Evil
It makes some a Heaven Sends some to the Devil
Yet 'tis pleasant to Hear as we Pass the world through
The Ring and the Chink of a Dollar or two

Will They Miss Me

Will they miss me at Home will they miss me
When I am laid low on my Bed
Will they silently gather around me
And shed on my Coffin a Tear
Will they miss me around the Home fire side
When the shadows of night o'er them creep
When the Children Retire to their slumbers
Will they miss me to watch over their sleep
When the Children Return to the Homestead
Will they miss me around the lone hearth
When they think of the one that is absent
Will a shadow come o'er their hearts
Will they think of the words I have spoken
And say He was always our Friend
And although He was Plain and outspoken
He loved us each one to the end
Will they kindly look over my actions
And say though His Faults were not few
He never intended to wrong us
His Heart was still loving and true
Will they say though he never was happy
He still loved his Children and wife
And was friends wherever he found them
So Him they were all in this life
Will they use all my Faults as a Beacon

To steadily guide their own Barque
 And shun all the Rocks I have wrecked on
 Though the way may be stormy and dark
 'Tis enough if they know all my actions
 Were prompted for ultimate good
 And if I have failed in my purpose
 I for them have done all that I could

My Children

I have watched over my Children for many long years
 I have toiled for their comfort through sorrow and tears
 I have watched by their cradle I've watched by their bed
 And over their slumbers sad years I have shed

When prostrate by sickness my Children and I left
 Have always been fastened with me in this life
 Till my Children have grown to be women and men
 And left the old cottage where long they have been

They have wandered away and have built a new cot
 And the old Ruined House that they all have forgot
 And I have grown feeble and wrinkled and grey
 And weary of life I shall soon pass away

But it matters not now as they need not my care
 They have left me alone my sad Burden to bear
 And the old Ruined Cottage they soldiers have made
 To fight by their presence the Revolution there

They know not how sad is my Heart as I roam
 Around the old Cottage they once called their Home
 As how lonely to me when my Days work is done
 To Return to the Cottage deserted and lone

111
I shall patiently wait For the time ~~drawn~~ near
When I too shall leave the old cottage so dear
All my friends will then say It is all for the best
Death has freed them from sorrow He's gone to the West

Fifty Years ago

I dreamed I was a Boy again
And By my Mother's knee
I listened to the Forest songs
She offered up for me
Again I saw my childhood Home
The place that gave me birth
With friends and kindred gathered round
The old familiar hearth
The Bible lay upon the stand
Just as it used to do
When I was in my childhood Home
Just Fifty years ago

The old Dutch clock hung in the wall
The cupboard too was there
The pictures on the mantelpiece
And Mother's old arm chair
Again I wandered through the woods
Where oft in childhood hours
I wandered forth to gather nuts
Or call the fragrant flowers
I wandered o'er the meadows too
Where berries used to grow
Twas just the same as when a Boy
Just Fifty years ago

The Orchard too where oft I sat
To watch the busy bee

'Twas Just the same the bees were there
 Just as they used to be
 The Barn the Corn House and the Spring
 Where oft in summer day
 I'd knelt by side to get a drink
 When tired of Boyish Play
 The Gulf Lot where I drew the lines
 As if to school did go
 To learn to Read my Alphabet
 Just Fifty years ago

Ah yes that was a Happy Dream
 That Dream of Childhood's hours
 When all the thorns of life were gone
 And left the brightest flowers
 But those Bright Days will no more come
 While I on Earth remain
 My Childhood Home my Early Friends
 I'll never see again
 A few more years of Toil and Strife
 Ere I am called to go
 To meet those Friends I loved so well
 Just Fifty years ago

On the Plains (July 31st 1850)

I am Twenty Eight years old He said
 What visions fill the mind
 Of travels on the Desert Plains
 Tempests Storms and Wind
 We had traveled many weary days
 Upon the Desert Plains
 When for Refreshments we had stopped
 Our little Pilgrim Train

A little Stream went Rippling By
 The Grass around was green
 It seemed to us the Brightest spot
 For many Days we'd seen
 But Hark the Rifle Crack I hear
 That tells the Bison low
 And soon we Feast upon the Hump
 Of the fatal Buffalo

But now the Sun declining, west
 Foretells we must be gone
 But Hark I Hear a wondrous Moan
 As we are left alone
 An Hour goes By another Hour
 And yet we Hear Remain
 A glorious News a child is Born
 Upon the Desert plain

And once again arise on our way
 To overtake the Rest
 But Oh what Visions fill the Eye
 Extending East and West
 The Bison gathered in the plains
 In Millions what a sight
 And as we traveled on our way
 They parted Left and Right

Now as the shades of night appears
 Upon a distant Flat
 The cheerful Campfires we behold
 Upon the River platte
 With Joy again we meet our Friends
 Around the Campfire blaze

And late at night Retire to Rest
To Dream of better Days

But Oh that night the wind arrest
The Rains in Torrents fell
The Thunder Rood the Lightning Flashed
More Force than words can tell
The Child and Mother with the Rest
were Drenched in Daring fold
And yet He lives to tell the Tale
Just Twenty Eight years old

Since then the years that's past have made
Deep wrinkles on my Brow
My Hair is grey my Sight is Dim
I seem an Old man now
But oft I think upon the Time
The Story I have told
When I was young and in my prime
Just Twenty Eight years old

Good Bye

It is lonesome I know as I look through the town
With scarcely a Hovel or a House around
The whiskey Saloon is now labeled to let
On the steps of the Store there are few now to set
No Drunkards we see (not pass) up the street
To swaggers and Swears and must all they meet
The Town is so quiet so lonesome you see
But this is the kind of a lonesome for me

The path over the Square up to where it once stood
Is growing to weeds it is seldom now trod

The old whiskey Bums stand Round on the street
 On Hope to meet some one with whiskey to treat
 They have our good wishes That they Very soon
 Will follow them I lost the whiskey Saloon
 And leave us as Lonesome as Lonesome can be
 For this is the kind of a Lonesome for me

Now we Hope for the Day when our women can walk
 On the street without hearing Profane Vulgar Talk
 Or being insulted by vile Drunken men
 Who used to be seen at the ^{low} whiskey ^{Den} Saloon
 It has gone from our gaze like the visions of night
 If we dream again should behold it all right
 If the hopes all follow it Lonesome would be
 But this is the kind of a Lonesome for me

Fashion

Oh what a state the world is in
 And still is getting worse
 With pride and Fashion's Beaming Rule
 Society's great curse
 You meet a lady on the street
 Oh don't she put on airs
 It took Jephthah or twenty yards
 To make the Dress she wears
 Is Lined with Ruffles Laced and filled
 With Ribbons and with lace
 And over all she wears a Coat
 That any Swell would quell
 The Jaunty Hat upon her head
 With Flowers is laden down
 And underneath she wears a Braid
 That fills the May's Crown

And oh the Jewels That She wears
 If Gold would Break a Bank
 You gaze upon Her and you think
 A Lady Share of Rank
 But list awhile and Hear Her Talk
 You soon will change your mind
 She To the Lower Class belongs
 You by Her Talk will find
 She Talks of Charley Pete or Ned
 At the Saloon She's met
 And of the Jolly Times She's Had
 With all the Jolly Set
 And as for modesty and Grace
 The words are obsolete
 She'll laugh and Gossip Talk and Jeer
 With Hovelkins on the Street
 And if a Husband she Has got
 He's with the Beats No Doubt
 Where all such useless Things should be
 He's Nothing but a Lout
 And only fit to stay at Home
 And see that all is Right
 And furnish Money for his Purse
 And find the Beats at Night
 But if Her Husband in Disgust
 Has Left and she is free
 The Children go in Dirt and Rags
 A wretched Sight to see
 She'll take a Jaunt upon the Cars
 To see the Specters She'll say
 And if she goes without Escort
 She'll find it on the way
 She's Bound Example to introduce
 Herself in any Place

So Doctors Lawyers Judges all
 And thinks it no disgrace
 So smilingly she talks of Moll
 And pet names all her charms
 But dont she give Her Husband fits
 Whenever He near Her comes
 Now if such women are allowed
 In good society
 Good Honest wives will soon become
 A thing that used to be
 The Picture is not over drawn
 You'll see Her on the street
 At the saloons at whiskey dens
 Where hoodlums often meet

To My Lady Friends

Dear Friends for the labor so kindly yours rendered
 In sending the Quilt Blocks I had asked of each one
 I can do nothing more when my thanks I have rendered
 To repay you the favor so kindly yours done

When I thought of the labor and determined to try it
 I very much feared that my friends were but few
 And I did not believe I would get enough by it
 To make up a Quilt with the best I could do

But soon they were coming one after another
 until I had more than was needed for one
 And still they were coming now this was the bother
 There must be none left when the Quilt shall be done

A happy thought strikes me I'll put them together
 And make up another the best I can do

And when I shall see them I'll ever remember
I had plenty of friends when I thought them so few

May God Bless you all who have thought of me kindly
May Happiness ever your Pathway attend
For the token you've sent me will ever remind me
Of those who still claim the Dear Title of Friend

The Old Dinner Horn

How well I Remember the Home of my Childhood
That Bright Sunny Spot where I first saw the Light
The Orchard the Meadow the Fields and the wild wood
No spot on the Earth could to me be so Bright
How oft I have wandered over fields & over Meadows
To gather the flowers wet with Dew of the Morn
And list to the Song of the Lark and the Robin
Until called to Return by the old Dinner Horn

How well I Remember Each Tree in the Orchard
Each Shrub and Each Flower in the garden that grew
The well and the Spring and the Brick Yard near by it
And the Meadow bedecked with the Bright morning Dew
And the Bees when they swarmed oh what ^{little} Dances and hums
To cruise thence to fight on the old Apple Thorn
What Ringing of Bells and what Dashing Jambos
And the sweetest of Music the old Dinner Horn

How well I Remember the path through the Galf Lot
Which oft I have followed in going to school
To drive off the Cows and to leave them in pasture
until I was released from the Rode and the Rode
To scatter the Hay I would go to the meadow
Let Ride on Old Katy to plow out the corn

Let pile up the Bush in the clearing and Burn it
Till I hear the sweet sound of the old Dinner Horn

Since then I have listened to strains of sweet music
The sweetest that Nature or art could produce
The song of the Birds the Harp Organ & Viol
The sweetest of singing But there is no list
To compare with the Notes that I heard in my childhood
On that bright sunny spot in the place I was born
Give me back the sweet strains of that Dear Cherished Music
My Mother to Blow it the old Dinner Horn

The Signs of the Times (to JES)

Of the Signs of the Times I am thinking tonight
And I'm Prompted to take up my Pencil and write
And as you in your Letter Have Flattered my Muse
I'll Dedicate to you my thoughts if you choose
When I was a lad many long years ago
A Prophet and Seer lived near by us you know
Who told us the Time was then nearly at hand
When Death and Destruction should visit the land
When Famine and Pestilence sorrow and pain
Should come to the Earth and have absolute reign
But the Saints should be gathered away in the west
Where they should be sheltered protected and best
Till the Night should be past and the Dawn should appear
That would open to us the millennial year
The wise men now tell us the Time has now come
When Earth is beginning to meet her sad doom
The Plague is now Raging in the East and the North
And thousands on thousands are swept from the Earth
And Famine and Pestilence stalk through the land
And War and Destruction are nearly at hand

That the next Seven years Dire Destruction shall Reign
 Then Joy will Revisit the Earth once again
 But they say that the Land at present shall be
 From Death and Destruction by far the most free
 Now there is an old Book that we all used to Read
 And our Mothers oft taught us its Precepts to Heed
 In that Book we are told that there would be a Time
 When the Earth would be Cleansed from Corruption & Crime
 That the Saints to the Tops of the Mountains would flee
 There for a Time from the Scurge would be free
 That War and Commotion would stalk through the Land
 And Famine and Pestilence go Hand in Hand
 Till the Wicked were slain and the Earth become Pure
 Then the Saints would go forth and enjoy it once more
 Now the prophet He told us God sent Him to Preach
 And to this Generation these Principles teach
 By Science the wise men have Learned what they know
 On the Roof of the House it plainly doth show
 The Book gives traditions some thousands years old
 All tell the same Tale ~~in~~ plain as can be told
 Now what shall we think is it Really the Case
 That all these Scourges must first fall to Fate
 That the prophets of old and the one of our youth
 And the wise men have all of this told us the truth
 Then we surely must all be prepared for the worst
 For the Earth by some power has been surely alarmed
 Then the best we can do is to stay where we are
 And for all these Scourges ourselves to prepare

Six Little Cranes

Six little cranes lay side by side
 All from one Mothers Side

In one short month they all had died
 And laid beneath the sod

How much of Grief a Heart may bear
 This Mother well may know
 By Death's cold icy Hand to lay
 Them in the grave so low

There is a Hope for those who weep
 For Friends whose gone before
 To meet them in a Brighter Land
 Where parting is no more
 Where Death and Sorrow never come
 To mar our Happiness
 Where Love and Peace and Joy abound
 In our Eternal Bliss

Then may this Hope inspire your Heart
 And Help you Bear the pain
 To know the loss to you so great
 To them is only gain
 And when your earthly work is done
 And all your Trials o'er
 You then will meet your Little ones
 Where Parting is no more

Four Little Graves .

I saw them lay Him in His grave
 Three others By His Side
 The Earth was Damp upon them all
 So lately They Had Died
 The grief that wrung the Parents Hearts
 No Human Tongue can Tell
 As Earth upon the Coffin Laid
 An solemn Measure Tell

Six children: Death of Diptheria out of one for milky (Heavy growing) all in fall of one month

The Fountains of The Heart were closed
 From Tears to your Relief
 But Bravely did they Struggle with
 Their sad and Bitter Grief
 Your little Buds Have drooped and died
 Ere they were in their Bloom
 To Blossom in a Brighter Land
 Where Death can never come
 This is the only Hope that we
 Can cherish in our grief
 And if we truly cherish it
 It will surely give Relief

A Valentine.

No Gaudy Insulted Valentine
 Have I to offer thee
 Nor will I give the Honeyed words
 Of foolish Flattery
 Nor Talk of Cupids wiles and Darts
 As others often do
 But plainly Tell thee of the Love
 I ever Bear for you

It's not a Childish Love to change
 With every Fault I see
 For when I see your Faults I know
 You Bear with Faults from me
 Our Faults have caused me sad Regrets
 And many Bitter Tears
 But never makes my Love for you less
 It strengthens with my years

Some Love an Angel Dear or Duck
 Such things I know are common

But such would News do for me
 I love you as a woman
 To be the Hope the Joy the Light
 That shines within our Dwelling
 Or Bright my life and cause me pain
 And sorrow beyond Telling

Then may we overcome Each word
 Or Action causing pain
 And try to live a better life
 And Happy be again
 And may Each Future Year increase
 Our Hope Our Joy Our Peace
 And lessen Sorrow Toil and pain
 And Happiness increase

My 57th Birth Day

How swiftly do the years go By
 With all their Toil and Care
 And leave their Furrows on the Brow
 And Frost upon the Hair
 Another year has flown away
 And I am Fifty Seven
 One year less on Earth to toil
 And one year nearer Heaven

My friends of youth I loved so well
 Are leaving me by one
 And I must follow in my Turn
 When all my work is done
 A few more years at best to me
 Can to this life be given
 Then I shall meet my Early Friends
 And dwell with them in Heaven

Mormon Creed

Oh how the times have changed since I was but a Boy at home
 When Joseph used to Talk to us and Tell of things to come
 He gave to us This good advice which we should always heed
 And treasure up within our Hearts, Thus Called the Mormon Creed
 I was Mind your Business ~~Followers~~
 With others never meddle
 And what you Hear in secret or Hall
 Be sure you do not peddle

He told of trials that not all were certain to endure
 To bring our Hearts to serve the Lord His Blessings to secure
 He told us to be kind and true to sisters and to Brothers
 And always give a Helping Hand to lift up one another
 (cheerful)

The times have altered much since then and many things have changed
 The People go about the street as if they were deranged
 They gather News from House to House to peddle in the street
 And always have some shocking news to tell in their way meet
 And their proper Business men
 With theirs they do not meddle
 And what they Hear in Street or Hall
 They magnify and peddle

They go about from House to House Defaming every Neighbor
 Enlarging lying fables instead of doing honest labor
 They always have some pieces News some more or less
 To magnify and go about this and that and that

How gossip talks or some doctored cannot stay
 I was just called in to see if you had heard anything to say
 It is terrible to think of it but then I know the truth
 I was told to me a secret But I don't mind telling you

They gather in some neighbor's house and spend the hursley day
 To scandalize some neighbor that perhaps may be away
 They magnify each faulting of each sister & each brother,
 But never think it worth their while to lift up one another.

Prologue

Dear Friends I am happy to meet with you here
 To see your bright faces your voices to hear,
 And to know you are trying yourselves to prepare
 To carry the Burden you'd soon learn to bear.

This Burden we have borne through the heat of the day
 Till the years on our heads show we are passing away
 When we lie down to rest on your shoulders I will sit
 And the time will be short for the end beneath my

For your kind thoughts of me I am thankful indeed
 You have asked me before you a Burlesque to read
 Then may you derive from it good in the end
 For I would not be less to you all than a friend

Burlesque

Oh come on my Boys to the steps of the store
 We have now a large crowd But there's still room for more
 We want to enlist everyone that we can
 And we'll find you all something to do as a man

We want some to whistle the steps of the store
 And stare at each woman that passes the door
 And make slight remarks as she goes in & out
 And what does not concern them so try to find out

Then out on the street we shall want a few more
 To stand around idly in front of the store

And watch every person that goes up or Down
And find out the Business of all in the town

Then we want a few more arround to Pack Hairs to go
And tell Everything they can guess at or know
Concerning each others to make or mean
And do all the mischief to others they can

Then we want a few Boys Any night to go arround
And throw Rocks at Houses and Lens Pans Down
And make the night Hideous with yell & with Noise
For this is the use that we Have For the Boys

And Especially Each Sunday Night they must make
All the Noise in their power to keep People awake
Till the small hours of night then to steal away Home
To see if their parents from meeting have come

Then we want a few women little cunning and wise
To go through the Villages telling their lies
And stir up contention and discord and strife
For in such a town it will give it new life

There is one thing Remaining to make it complete
A good shop some woman must start on the street
To Deal out Bad whiskey Bad humors as well
Then the town will be Ready to slide into Hell

Reality

At the schoolhouse below in each Saturday night
The People all gather who wish to do Right
To learn to be Moral and Honest and wise
And shun all bad Habits contention and lies

This has been read a few times of many of the meetings and several of your interest subscribers

They will tell you to shun all your chums on the street
 No more on the store steps or corners to meet
 But study good Books and find pleasure at home
 And learn to be wise when you older have grown

They will tell you to always be true to each other
 Be true to yourselves to your Father and Mother
 They will tell you to Honor your parents and them
 They'll be proud of their sons when they come to be men

They will tell you to shun all Contention and strife
 To shun bad companions & lead a new life
 To be kind to the poor and to all in Distress
 It will make Home a Heaven & cannot do less

They will tell the young Ladies to ever be true
 To be faithfull and kind in whatever you do
 Do in actions and words all the good that you can
 And you'll get for a Husband a Good Honest Man

There is one Thing Remaining to make it complete
 A School House and Meeting House Built on the Street
 They will Buy the fullpleunt of Promises given
 And you will not go far to find you a Heaven

There are two paths before you in one you must go
 One leads to Dishonor Perdition and woe
 The other will lead you to Honor and Fame
 And among Honest Peopl. an antismiths name

My Mother

Oh how my Heart yearns for a Mothers Cares
 As when in my childhood by sickness laid I was
 When she swept my hair with her Dark Silver Tresses

And Printed a Kiss on my Jewish Brow
 How firm and unflinching she watched by my Pillow
 Till the Long weary night with its Dreams had flown
 And the Day God assended o'er Mountain and Billow
 And Released the Night Vigils so patiently borne
 How kind were Her accents How gentle her Chiding
 How sweet was Her smile and How fervent her prayer,
 How true so unselfish so pure and abiding
 How Patient the Suffering How watchful her Care
 The Love of a Mother, a Mother's Love,
 It clings to the Heart when all others have flown
 In all all of Earth's Treasures forget it not thou
 No Love like a Mother's Love lives as thine own

Prayer

We thank Thee Oh God for the Springtime
 That Spreads the green Leaves on the Trees
 And scatters Bright Verdure around us
 And Fragrance on each Scented breeze

We thank Thee for Beautiful Summer
 That Scatters the Flowers on the Plain
 And brings Great Joy to face us
 And gives us Bright Sunshine and Rain

We thank Thee for Frost and Autumn
 The season of Harvest and Toil
 When we lay up in store all the Riches
 Not hoarded gained by the Sweets of the Soil

We thank Thee for Stern Stormy Winters
 The season that Nature must sleep
 And lie up the shore in the Mountains
 That again at a harvest they reap

Let thank thee that thou hast provided
 A place for thy children to hide
 While the scourges pass over their stations
 Who will but they cannot abide

Let thank thee for every kind's blessing
 So Bounteous by scattered account
 Oh may we in many ways receive them
 And serving thee ours be found

As Merry as a school girl

As merry as a school girl I have often heard thee say
 But I never knew its meaning until this very day
 I saw her going down the street with satchel on her arm
 And oh the merry song she sang it did my senses charm

At told me that her heart was light it told me she was free
 From all the cares and ills of life that haunted such as we
 It told me of bygone years when I was but a child
 With heart as free and free as light and spirits just as wild

When I like this was off to school with satchel on my arm
 With not a care to grieve the heart but everything to charm
 But oh those days are long since past and long since gone
 But oft I think of those bright days that will return no more

Childhood

Oh don't you remember the home of our childhood
 That bright sunny spot where we first saw the light
 Where oft we have wandered over fields and over all around
 No spot on the earth could to me be so bright

Oh don't you remember the the old Brown cottage
 The kitchen the square room the bed room and all

The well at the Door and the Orchard near by 't
The garden the Barn and the corn House and all

Oh don't you Remember the old Diggery School House
With Benches and Desks all Defaced by the knife
Where we learned the first lessons of Reading and Spelling
That has marked out the way we have followed through life

Oh don't you Remember the old Kitchen fire place
Where oft we have met when our Days work was done
With Brothers and Sisters and Friends we loved dearly
To pass off the Evening with all sorts of Fun

Oh Don't you Remember our Dear loving Mother,
Who watched over our childhood so loving and true
Our Father and Mother and Sisters and Brothers
And long bright beamed our infancy knew

Although ten years have past and we have found it hard
Yet often in fancy bright dream I am there
Then Bright Rays of Happiness show their beaming
As I gaze with Delight on the Vision so fair

Come Home

As I sit by the fire I am dreaming tonight
Of the years past away that were happy and bright
When friends met and children and all that are dear
Around the old fire side were clustering so near
Oh how changed is the scene I am sitting alone
Ere the two children all others have gone
It is late and so lonely I know where are they
Come Home Oh come Home to the children and me

Oh why will they leave the old cottage all day
 The night is fast coming they still are away
 The children are weary and gone to their bed
 I wish Mother would come many times they have said
 I have waited all the day till you weary and sad
 With no one to cheer me or make my heart glad
 But I'll wait for my children though lonely I be
 Come Home oh come Home to the children and me

Oh how vain are the hopes and the dreams of this life
 How dearly I've loved them my children and wife
 And friends I have cherished believing them true
 They have faded away like the bright morning dew
 Oh how fondly I've hoped that this tale would be true
 That friends would surround me in life and decline
 That peace and contentment my lot would be
 Come Home oh come Home to the children and me

Fashion

There was a Time in Bygone years
 That I Remember well

When Fashion pride and Haughtiness
 In Utah Did not dwell

When women spun and wove and made

The garments that they wore

And when they knew what they had cost

They were Enjoyed the more

A neat Plain Dress of Homespun then

Was worn by one and all

And always was deemed good enough

For meeting or for Ball

The Hair was gone then when they wore

With Buttons and with Gait

They never thought a Switch or Bevil
was needed in its place

Stays were not worn or Bustles then
She was no Fashion's Slave
But every woman voted on
The Form Her Maker gave
The Home Her Husband Shared with Her
Bedecked with Native Flowers
With Husband Children and with Friends
She spent Her Leisure Hours

Her Husband's Love was all she asked
To Her She freely gave
The Treasure of a woman's Love
To last Beyond the grave
But Times have altered much since then
The Noisy Spinning Wheel
That used to turn the wool to yarn
Has vanished with the Reel

The Loom that used to make the cloth
Its voice we hear no more
And all the clothes we have to wear
We Buy them at the Store
Since Fashion has been introduced
To make a woman's Dress
She must have Twenty yards at least
She cannot do with less

And then the Trimmings she must have
As Ready but a few
They put at least Ten times the work
On it they need to do

The Hair She Wears is Like ^{the} Heart
False Fickle & untrue
Like ^{the} Jewels She wears
Which Sparkles Like The Dew

The Love She Bears Her Husband Now
Is Measured by His Purse
And From its Contents to Her wants
He is willing to Disburse
She has a Smile for all she meets
As she goes up is Dear
Except Her Husband and for Him
She always wears a Frown

Yankee Doodle

Yankee Doodle is The Tune
Since Yankee Chap Invented
To Sing on Independence Day
And Make us Feel Contented
Now Independence Day Has Come
As Many Has before us
We'll Sing Again The Good Old Tune
And You may join The Chorus
(Chorus) Yankee Doodle is The Tune
The Mormons Find So Heavenly
To sing on Independence Day
Old Yankee Doodle Dandy

The Mormons are a jolly Set
They Come from Every Station
From Every Country Every Clime
In all This Broad Creation
They all Believe in Serving God
Just as They are a Mind To

And marry one wife two or three
Just as they feel inclined to
Chorus

They all believe that Washington
The Founder of this Nation
Was called of God to do that work
And led by Inspiration
They think the laws our fathers made
Were what they were intended
They've stored the test a hundred years
And need not be amended
Chorus

There are some fellows now so smart
They've got it in their heads
The Mormon Boys can take no less
In playing Yankee Doodle
So they are trying very hard
To bust the constitution
By tearing up old Seced'ry Six
And change the constitution
Chorus

There let us run our business mind
That is the Mormon Creed Six
And when the Race is Run they find
The Mormons in the lead Six
Then let them marshal all their force
While show the whole caboodle
That we are loyal citizens
To the Tune of Yankee Doodle
Tis the Last Apple Blossom
Tis the Last Apple Blossom
Left Blooming alone
All its lovely companions
Are faded and gone

No Flower of its kindred
 Remains to be found
 They are faded away
 And Airs scattered all round
 I'll not leave thee there lone one
 To fade on this tree
 Where thy Beauty and fragrance
 All wasted would be
 So fondly I'll pluck thee
 And Bear thee away
 Where thy Beauty shall fade
 In a fragrant Bough.

Our Boyhood Friends are dying
 Our Boyhood Friends are dying
 Gas one by one they go
 The most of them are dying
 Beneath the sickle's tooth
 They are resting from their labors
 The friends we loved so well
 Along the Road where travelers
 Their mouldering Bodies dwell

We sigh to see them passing
 And sinking in the dust
 We know them from our Boyhood
 Their hearts were true and true
 The good old friends we cherish'd
 From Boyhood's early day
 How can we help but shed a Tear
 To see them pass away

A few of them still wander
 Along life's dreary way

But one by one they're leaving
 And passing fast away
 And soon Death's icy hand
 Will touch each heart so brave
 And sink each friend of Boyhood
 Into a silent grave.

And thus Death's hand comes down
 Where youth's bright smiles have played
 The stars of hope & care & faith
 Ere they begin to fade
 We too are growing older
 Our locks are mixed with grey
 We many visitors here
 For too shall pass away

Then let us up and do it
 And battle in the strife
 To finish up our mission
 And do our part in life
 That when our work is ended
 We'll know it is well done
 That we may rest in peace
 With all our friends that's gone

The Surprise Party

The Evening has past off in pleasure and fun
 We have had a good time is the title of each one
 We have sung we have danced we have played we have prayed
 And many a joke we each other have played
 By the dimmed fire we have all had our fill
 And plenty of liquor some others have still
 We have thrown off our cares and our hearts have been light
 And we all have been merry and happy tonight

We have but we have parted like sister and Brothers
And the Lie is made stronger that binds to each other
Thus heavy it be still where we meet and we part
Till the Lie becomes strong that Enslaves around the Heart
Like we learn that we cannot be happy alone
That we must have a place in our Hearts for each one
And the stronger the Lie the more happy will be
Until we become as one great Family

My Brave Steed

Bowd staid they work at last is done
No more they wander fast
Will amble on the Pasture Green
So green and so flat
Then hast home heavy a weary mile
Upon thy sturdy back
And always here thy hope and stay
Upon the Desert Trail

Then Hast been Ever Brave and True
 Thy Courage Did not Flea
 And when my Life Endangered was
 Then Hast been True to me
 When Danger lurked along my Path
 Thy Fleethless Ball has through
 Well could it trust my Noble Steed
 For then wert True and True

They have served the well for many years
 Through many dangers passed
 But age came on and cruel Death
 Has cut their Down at last
 No more I'll mount my little old sled
 No more all danger dare

A further full old mare that served me 20 years much of the time under the saddle through all the Indian wars & prices at the

29-10-64

As I like thee now growing old
 Thy Fate I soon Shall share

Noting By The Way

My mind has been wandering Backward
 Far Back To the Land of my Birth
 When tidings first Reached us that Angels
 Again Had come back to the Earth
 And Brought the glad news that Jehovah
 His fallow day work had begun
 And Brought Back the Priesthood to Joseph
 This was in Eighteen thirty one

With joy we received the glad tidings
 That God by His servants had sent
 And gave them a home and a welcome
 While they preached to the people repent
 And as we believed in the message
 We Down to the waters did go
 To follow the steps of our Saviors
 This was in Eighteen thirty two

We first came to Portland did gather
 The saints there in numbers were few
 But Joseph the prophet was with us
 And our hearts were all loyal and true
 He taught us that if we were faithful
 Triumph we always would be
 Our enemies never would conquer
 This was in Eighteen thirty three

The Elders were sent to the Nations
 To spread the glad tidings abroad

And the Saints were Beginning to Gather
 To Build up the Kingdom of God
 It was then we were Taught by the Prophet
 That God would Require of us Next
 The Lifting to Build up His Kingdom
 This was in Eighteen Thirtly Four

He Taught us to Love one another
 And never be Haughty or Vain
 To Leave off our Pride and Contention
 And from all bad Habits Repair
 We then to Gods name Built a Temple
 And all for His Blessings did Strive
 And in it Received our Anointing
 This was in Eighteen Thirtly Five

We then were Endowed with His Spirit
 The Gifts to the Saints were Restored
 And many Received Revelation
 While the Tidings were Scattered abroad
 The Saints were Increasing in Numbers
 But Joseph with others Did Try
 To strengthen the Stakes in Missouri
 This was in Eighteen Thirtly Six

Our Enemies Gathered around us
 Dissenters arose in our band
 The Prophet with many more Left us
 For Missouri our Fair Promised Land
 With the poor Saints we soon followed after
 By hooks from our Homes we were Drawn
 We traveled through Sickness and Sorrow
 This was in Eighteen Thirtly Seven

We set found ourselves Left at Springfield
 To cure for the Sickness and the Plague
 While many continued their journey
 Although without money or Bread
 But God gave us Friends in our Trouble
 Who Watched with us Early and Late
 Until we Had from sickness Recovered
 This was in Eighteen Thirtys Eight

The saints from Missouri were driven
 From all their possessions to Kansas
 And the Saints did cross over the River
 At Commerce to find a New Home
 Then again we were Traveling, not here
 To finish our former Design
 To dwell with the Saints and the Prophet
 This was in Eighteen Thirtys Nine

At Commerce the Saints did gather
 To build up the City of New
 (On the Banks of the Great Mississippi)
 A Beautiful City soon grew
 For the Saints that were scattered did rally
 To build them their Homes soon began
 For while they grew Rich and did prosper
 This was in Eighteen Fortys One

We then built a Town called "It Raves"
 (A Branch) Farly miles from it was
 Where often we met with the Prophet
 Who taught us some things that were of use
 It was there that we learned the great secret
 Which then was revealed to our Son

Many wives we should marry of faithful
 This was in Eighteen forty two
 No. 1.

Dissenters soon sprang up amongst us
 Like Judas our Prophet Betrayed
 Among them were those He Had Installed
 And placed in high places to lead
 They scattered the seeds of Dissension
 But soon from our midst they did flee
 To stir up the ire of the Gentiles
 This was in Eighteen forty three

We again Built a Temple at Kanab
 By fail it was finished at last
 But traitors and heels gathered round us
 And the prophet in Prison was cast
 Then Joseph and Hyrum were Murdered
 Their Blood stains the earthy Soil here
 To come up in Judgment against them
 This was in Eighteen forty four

Then our Enemies poured in the City
 To pillage and Plunder and Rob
 And many crossed over the River
 And left Everything to the Mob
 Then Brigham and Cresson our leaders
 As the mob were determined to Drive
 With a few we crossed over the River
 This was in Eighteen forty five

And many were left unprotected
 By the mob they were badly oppressed
 But they kept crossing over the River
 To find a new Home in the West

At Kamsaat and old Winter Quarters
 They stopped real for winter, did not
 In the spring to continue their journey
 This was in Eighteen Forty Six

The Saints Still Remaining at Kamsaat
 Were leaving as fast as they could
 To follow their friends to their mountains
 When they could get clothing and food
 They scattered abroad through the country
 In winter by mobs they were driven
 To find a new home in the mountains
 This was in Eighteen Forty Seven

Then traitors set fire to the Temple
 Which recently burned down to the ground
 To serve as a witness against them
 For the day when the Lord's feet shall come
 But the few that remained in the city
 As the season was getting so late
 Concluded to winter at Kamsaat
 This was in Eighteen Forty Eight

When I think of the sad destruction
 We met with in passing around
 The Beautiful City in Ruins
 The Temple Burned Down to the Ground
 The Prophet and Patriarch, murdered
 Destruction before and behind
 The saints drove out in the Desert
 It was thus in Eighteen Forty Nine

In the spring we moved forward to Kamsaat
 But found them in sorrow and gloom

The cholera swept through the country
 And many went down to the land
 But we held on through sickness and sorrow
 Till the time for departure had come
 To follow the saints to the mountains
 This was in Egyptian Fifty one

Then our long weary journey was over
 One field of Israel were past
 We had reached our dear home in the mountains
 To dwell with our Father at last
 Since twenty nine years we have labored
 In building up Zion's strong hold
 In the year Egyptian Hundred and Eighty
 The Church is just fifty years old

And where are those Brave Valiant Heroes
 Who have followed their Leaders so long
 And fought the good fight for the Kingdom
 When the battle was raging so strong
 A few are remaining amongst us
 The rest of them sleep by the way
 They have Brave Master of Jesus
 To come forth in the great coming day

It soon will be my turn to follow
 And lie down a season to rest
 To arise with the saints and the prophets
 In that far Brighter land of the best
 Then I'll claim the Bright Promise He gave me
 With hands on my head long ago
 A Kingdom And crown when I'd finished
 The work I on earth had to do

It is thirty three years since we started
 Our childlike journey to make
 To arrive at the End of our journey
 Just from years more it will take
 And those who hold out and are faithful
 To wait from their Homes will be Divine
 But Heil and Salute to the Kingdom
 In the year Eighteen Eighty seven.

The Pick Nick

Was a Band of little Children
 From Sunday School we came
 To Join you in your Pick Nick
 And Have a little Fun
 We'll speak and sing before you
 And do the best we can
 To make the Day Pass Merrily
 According to your plan

But we hope you will Remember
 We all are very young
 And when we all have spoken
 Realize that we have sung
 You will please excuse our Blunders
 For we're trying hard to learn
 And Hope in this occasion
 Your kind applause to earn

Our Parents are before us
 Our Friends and Teachers Dear
 It's hard for us to speak or sing
 And stand before you here
 But since you wish us to do
 The best that we know how

And if we fail there's one thing left
We'll make our Humble Bow

Arizona

The home I long have cherished is Home no more for me
I am weary of its Telling its want and misery

For there's a better land I know

Where Trees Bears Fruit and crops will grow
Away in Arizona Oh that's the land for me

For many years I've labored while youth and strength was ^(gone)
To try to lay up something to use in life's Decline

But all is gone and I am poor

To Drive the yam wolf from my door
I'll go to Arizona Oh that's the land for me

The years are growing on me and Times are harder still
I meet with many a Jostle in going down the Hill

But yet I'll try while life remains

To make a Happy Home again

Away in Arizona Oh that's the land for me

Then come Dear Friends and kindred and let us leave this land
And find a better country to colonize our land

With better Climate Better Soil

Where we can Reap the Fruits of Soil

Away in Arizona Oh that's the land for me

The Old Home

I have toiled many years on this small spot of ground
In the Hopes to Raise something to last the years ahead
To lay bye for winter my children to feed
But have never as yet Reaped the worth of my seed

I have Plowed I have Harrowed I have Planted and Sowed
 And many a Day I have watered and Hoed
 I have Toiled all the Summers and when in the Fall
 I have looked for my crop There was nothing at all

For the land is so poor and the water so low
 That the land would get Hard and the crop would not grow
 So I get for my Soil Very little or none
 And I always must Buy what I ought to Have grown

Then there is my Orchard the largest in town
 I have often been Tempted to cut the trees down
 They Blossom to make me believe they will Bear
 When I look for the fruit in the Fall there is none there

In the Spring all the Fruit by the Frost will be killed
 And the land is so poor it is not fit to be tilled
 So I toil all the Summers for nothing at all
 And must buy what I want to lay by in the Fall

Time is Precious

Time is Precious use it wisely
 I'll not let the Hours away
 Years are made of little moments
 Grasp and use them while you may
 Time is Fleeting Every moment
 Let some Noble work be done
 When tis past tis gone forever
 Years are flying one by one

Every moment there is something
 That your hands may find to do
 That will brighten some ones Border
 And a Blessing bring to you

There are always those around you
 That may need your help or care
 Sinking Hearts are always near you
 For the poor are everywhere

Feed the Hungry Clothe the Nedy
 Kindness to the poor support
 Gentle words that cost you nothing
 Offer Raice the sinking Heart
 Never Falters in well doing
 Labor with your Hands and Brain
 Kind words spoken to the Erring
 Sometimes Bring them back again

When the years of life are numeral
 And your sun is nearly set
 Leave no stains in life behind you
 That may cause you sad Regret
 Let your life be spent in doing
 Good to all and Harm to none
 That you calmly may Resign it
 Knowing all has been well Done

Mother's Birth Day

Dear mother we are happy to meet here again
 Under the old Cottage Roof where so oft we have been
 In Pleasure and Joy many the times Pass away
 And may it be to you a Happy Birth Day

We have thrown away care a few moments to come
 Our Kindred to meet in the old Cottage Home
 Then Let us have Joy while together we stay
 May Happiness Reign on our Mother's Birth Day

May pleasure and happiness fill every heart
 And each in the joy of the evening take part
 In the years that may come though we are old
 May each one remember our Mother's Birth Day

The Surprise Party

It is pleasant to meet with our Sisters and Brothers
 And Friends for a while to converse with each other
 To throw off all cares and be children again
 For a while to let pleasure and happiness reign

To pass off our time in joke & in song
 In a pleasant spot that will make the heart young
 To dance or to sing and to toast when we will
 There is pleasure about it & dearly love still

Though time has made wrinkles that make me look old
 And snow flakes are scattered all over my head
 Though my sight may be dim and my hands may grow old
 Yet the heart is still young though the body is old

Shun away with dull care let us let children be
 And enjoy every pleasure life to us can give
 Let us till when we should be as young as we can
 But after fine time to be children again

What is Home without the Children

What is Home without the children
 Prattling round the cottage hearth
 With their eyes shining beaming
 Full of laughter joy and mirth

Golden hair in ringlets flowing
 Or a lock of pearly white

Fing' Fingers Bent on mischief
 Fear's still from noon till night

Without Children Home is lonely
 How we miss their noisy mirth
 How we miss their gentle footsteps
 Crouching Round our lonely Hearth
 How we miss their noisy prattle
 How we miss their childish glee
 How we miss their fond caresses
 As they sit upon our knee

When the Evening Shadows gather
 And our Dayly Light is over
 How we miss their noisy greeting
 At our humble Cottage Door
 Heaven Bless the Darling Children
 Though they need our constant care
 They will be the Brightest Jewels
 In the Crown we hope to wear

God Bless The Children

The little ones are coming I hear their noisy feet
 I hear their noisy prattle as they come down the street
 They are coming down to Grandpa's window or we to stay
 To ramble in the Orchard & around the old Home - Play

They will pull the things to pieces and scatter them about
 They will break the old time music the children laugh and shout
 They will be in every mischief their little hands can find
 They know I should scold a little but that they do not mind

Then Father and their mother how short the time to me
 Since they were little children and sitting on my knee

They grew to men and women and found the city new homes
And now to cheer the old one their little children comes

God Bless the little children long may they live to come
To cheer the lonely cottage that was their Parents Home
While I Remain Their presence will be well come be
And when I am gone they'll miss me and shed a tear for me

Sweet Rose

Sweet Rose in thy fragrance and beauty I found thee
When all thy dear kindred had faded away
When cold dreary winters winds howling around thee
And frost on thy petals like diamonds did play

Sweet flower do not leave thee to pine in thy beauty
To wither and die by the frost in a day
I'll take thee where kind gentle hands cherish thee
And nurse thee to life till thy leaves drop away

The Woodlarks

The Woodlarks are abroad tonight
I hear them on the Sycamore
I know them by their vulgar talk
I hear them cuss and swear
I hear their whistle and their yell
That tells the place to meet
And we unto the Luckless Lass
Who is late upon the street
And we unto the Fancied Man
They'll say them so tonight
And we unto the window peepers
Wherever they see a light
Destruction follows in their path
And dimples deepest scars

Found in October after
The Frost had killed
Every thing

To any small who may Dare
 Their Hymns to tender Hear

The Little ones

The little ones are back again
 I hear their noisy feet
 They make the old House Ring again
 With childrens Music Sweet
 I love to hear their Boisterous Shout
 I love their noisy Glee
 I love to hear their merry Laughter
 For Music sweet to me
 I know they Ramble through the House
 I know they mischief find
 I know they tear things upside down
 But that I do not mind
 For then I recollect the little ones
 Which makes them love me more
 And makes me Dream of Happy Days
 That will Return no more
 Of Days when this old cat was new
 And around this lonely hearth
 Were Children who could mischief do
 And shout with noisy mirth
 They are gone & left the Home and me
 In sorrow to remain
 But oft they send their little ones
 To make me Dream again

Our Sunday School

We are little children Happy are we
 Every Sabbath morning here we will be
 Learning our Lessons well
 Learning the Truth to tell

Learning to Read and Spell A B C
 Bright Happy Faces meet with us here
 In our Pleasant School Room we love so dear
 Learning our Hearts to cheer
 All that is good and true
 With the great End in View which is so true
 Here we meet our School mates filled with delight
 Here we meet our Teachers smiling so bright
 Hearts filled with joy to day
 Listening to what they say
 Teaching the narrow way Teaching the right

To Neddy

On your Mission Dear Brother be faithful and true
 The saints here in Zion are praying for you
 That God will protect you by His mighty hand
 While you are spreading the truth in your own Native Land

We know that Temptation will lie in your way
 We know of the trials you meet with each day
 But if you are faithful and firmly will stand
 You will bring many souls from your own Native Land

We know of the Poverty, Humble and low
 In the land where your Duty has called you to go
 But Friends will surround you and God by your side
 And Bless you with Health in your own Native Land

And when the time comes you will get your reward
 You will come back to Zion with Honor and Praise
 Take your wife and your children and Friends by the hand
 And bring many souls from your own Native Land

Laura's Birch Day

To day is your Twenty First Birth Day they say
 And Happy I Hope you Have been
 And as each year goes Round May you Happiness see
 First your years Number Three Score and Ten
 Bigger Person you know in the years that are Past
 May your Future be Happy and Bright
 And as years Come and go May the Sun light your Path
 May your Heart in the Future be Light

Sabbath Morning

It is Pleasant on each Sabbath morning to meet
 Yours Dear Sunday School and Company to greet
 And hear the kind words of our Teachers so Dear
 Who are trying to learn us Gods Name to Revere

We are Happy to meet you and Hope that we may
 Learn how to be wiser and better Each Day
 And may we in Honor and Virtue and Truth
 Continue to grow while we are still in our youth

It is Pleasant to listen while Teachers Explain
 The great Truths of Heaven on Earth once again
 That we may be useful as others we grow
 To work in The Kingdom of God Here below

When we leave young studies and Balling for Truth
 We shall Ever Remember the scenes of our youth
 Our Dear Sunday School Teachers so kind
 Their names in our thoughts all shall oft bring to mind

Dance on the Brain

Oh what a condition the people are in
 The way they are running about is a sin

They Rave about Darning the Sutures are plain
They all are affected with Dance in the Brain

They gather together on corner and street
And talk about Darning with each one they meet
But they never agree so they argue in vain
For they all are affected with Dance in the Brain

The women have got it so bad they will go
To a Dance all alone through the mud and the snow
No matter how hard it may snow sleet or Rain
They will go for they all have got Dance in the Brain

And when they get there they the music will hear
And say 'tis so bad that it cannot be worse
They will swear they will never Dance by it again
But its all in they Eye they've got Dance in the Brain

They will say that their money for nothing they've paid
And they never again such a fool will be made
But the very next Dance they are ready again
To wade through the mud they've got Dance in the Brain

They will call the Committee and Bishops unfair
For saying they shall not drink whisky and swear
And from a few others had habits refrain
When they know very well they've got Dance in the Brain

Never Give up

There are times in our lives when in darkness and gloom
Our minds are overshadowed as dark as the tomb
When joy hope and gladness have faded away
And left us in sadness to gaze on our way

But do not Despair or let Fortune be whining
For Every Dark Cloud Has a Bright Silver Lining

Altho Fortune is Fickle and Friends are unkind
And the fates are against you and Pleasures are few
Altho Dark are the clouds that hover over thy way
Press on Do not heed what the Temp'or may say
Dont fall or stumble or ever be pining
For the Darker the cloud is the Brighter the Lining

Though your friends may be few and your fortune adverse
Look around you will see there where fate is sharpest
Is to teach us this lesson that trials we meet
If at last but the better we know not the secret
Be Patient the Sun will soon Brighten the shining
And show you the Cloud Has a Bright Silver Lining

To Nellie

Dear girl you have wished me a happy new year
When the Day was far spent and the end was so near
Is an Emblem of life and Reminds me so clearly
But a few more short years I shall with you remain

Now may those short years that may still be my share
Be spent with my Friends free from sorrow or care
And to you and to me and to Friends that are dear
May each year that goes by be a happy New year

Tradition Vs Truth

Come gather together ye Heroes of Crime
Who have fought against Truth since the annals of time
The great Suppression again we must try
To crush out these monstrous wild conquer or die

We'll follow our Leader The Brave old Tradition
And for this and be Comp. we will have Supersition
Then Priest craft and Prejudice Falsehood and Lies
Will join to assist us in the great Enterprise

Then Bynall Stands and Gossips and Lattle
Assure us and Impudence joins in the Battle
With all these Great Allies we surely will win
And crush out these Normans and make them give in

We know all the world these Great Leaders all fallen
And all they may say they will grandly Sardon
Then come on ye Heres and join in the Cry
We'll put down these Normans we'll conquer or die

We know that old Truth will come and this Bynall
And Reason and Justice will come to their Aid
But force and Oppression will join in our Van
And they will assist us and do all they can

That weapon the Bible they take at its word
Is keener by far than a two edged Sword
We know they can wield it and in a fair Fight
They quickly will put every traitor to flight

But here we shall mainly depend upon might
While they will depend upon one they call Right
Upon these two throes the fight will depend
And if they should win it our glory will end

Our Leader Tradition he bye him have stown
And fight North his Banner through Rivers of Blood
Come here to our last Hope Now if we should fail
Ah yes they have conquered and Truth will be sold

Reprieve like Nations Tradition is Dead
 And all the House calls so long makes feel
 The wisdom must be given more to come forth
 While Truth will prevail and spread over the Earth

My 58th Birth Day

How fleet the years are passing By
 That brings us nearer to the Close
 Where is the place we all must lie
 Where we shall find our last Report

Another year has passed and gone
 And I am fifty eight years old
 Adown the stream I'll follow on
 A few more years and all is sold

God grant that Peace may be my lot
 The Time that still to me is given
 That I may do His will on Earth
 And meet the friends I love in Heaven

The Old Brown Cot

I love it I love it and who would not
 'Tis the place I was born in that old Brown Cot
 It was there that I sat on my Mother's Knee
 When she Rocked me to sleep with her Bye Baby

It was there that she learned me Her dear name to speak
 As she staided my foot sleep so softly and sweet
 Where she taught me the lessons of Honor and Truth
 And Virtue and Love in the Days of my youth

For many long years I have wandered away
 From that Dear Cherished spot Till my Hair has grown grey

But I'll Never Forget it where ever I be
The Place where I set on my Dear Mother's Knee

To Nona

She has lain down to sleep she at last is at Rest
And Her Spirit has gone to the Land of the Blest
Where Her Husband is waiting to welcome Her Home
To meet with her Friends who before Her have gone

We miss Her but why should we wish her to stay
To linger where sorrow encircles her way
She has fought the good fight and the Victory won
She has finished Her life's work and we know it's well done

She has gone from our Presence but why should we weep
When we know that we too soon must lie down to sleep
Then we meet Her again in that Bright Sunny Home
With our kindred and friends who before us have gone

The Loafer

Who saunters out upon the Street
To laugh and chat with those He meets
And light and smoke His cigarette

The Loafer

And when he finds a pleasant shade
That some good Neighbors trees have made
Who sits and pines His Pocket Beads

The Loafer

Who sits and smokes and whistles on
Until his cigarette is gone
And then he seeks another one

The Loafer

And when the sun is getting hot
He rises and saunters from the spot

To some ones House His own is not
The loafer,

When seated in an Easy Chair
He makes so Free you would Declare
That He must be the Governor there

The Loafer,
In Flattery He will Exult
And many Silly Stories Tell
And Laughs and Gossips too as well

The Loafer,
His Patient wife at Home must stay
To toil and labor all the Day
While He is idling some away

The Loafer,
She tries to keep Her Children neat
And furnish them with Food to Eat
While He is Lazing up the Street

The Loafer,

Our Pleasure Ride

We took a Ride the other day
To Salt Creek Canon Bent our way
To have a little Pleasure
For we had heard of Millons there
And we had Cash and Time to spare

And thus we spent our Leisure
At one o'clock the team appeared
The Driver Shouted all aboard

And quickly we were joggling
The Horses traveled like the wind
And quickly left the town behind
Without a bit of joggling

We jolted up and jolted down
And every Rock or Ditch we found
But then we did not mind them

Saw us Hunt Mellons on the River
 As Big as Pumpkins that was plain
 When we got there to find them
 At Half past two we Reached the place
 And Quickly Right about Did Fall
 And went to see about them
 But Disappointed we must meet
 The Mellons were not large or sweet
 So we must do without them
 Except a few we took to show
 We did to Salt Creek Canon go
 If any one should Doubt it
 At Five o'clock we all got Home
 The children all together Come
 And this is all about it

Cold Winter

Cold winter is coming Theres Frost on the air
 The Beautiful Summer is past
 The Flowers are all Dying that were so fair
 Their fragrance has gone with the blast
 The Tops of the Mountains are covered with snow
 The North wind is passing your door
 Now if you Have plenty to pay as you go
 Be sure to Remember the poor

Cold winter is coming Her footsteps are here
 To spread Desolation around
 And make the Earth dreary and fairly and sore
 And Scatter the snow on the ground
 The leaves are beginning to fall from the trees
 The Beautiful Harvest is o'er
 The Beautiful Streams are beginning to freeze
 Its the time to Remember the poor

Cold winter is coming, where plenty abounds
 The Dance and the Song will be heard
 With mirth and with music you, they will respond
 And luxury shine on your Board
 Then remember the poor let their hearts be made glad
 With something you give from your store
 It will comfort the feeble and cheer up the sad
 The little you give to the poor

Cold winter is coming it's cold frosty breath
 Is whistling o'er mountain and dale
 All nature has lurch with the finger of death
 And loom up the earth with his spell
 He will laugh at the ^{willow} ~~hardy~~ bird back at the ~~poor~~
 As widely he opens the door
 Then let us be ^{as} ~~wise~~ ^{merciful} to keep him away
 With charity comfort the poor

The Old Fogy

They can call me old Fogy whenever they will
 Or stereotyped manner for good or for ill
 Such names to another might give an offence
 But to me it shows lack of good common sense

I am proud to inform them for many long years
 I have waded through sorrow affliction and tears
 And I stand by the side of the prophet of God
 Where books read where history were setting the record

And many a time I have sat with his voice
 When the words he has spoken has made me rejoice
 When he taught us the lessons of light and of truth
 I have treasured them up since the days of my youth

on being called an Old Fogy by an old
 countryman because we did not agree
 in point of doctrine

When He told of the times ^{that} were near to our door
 Of the Blessings that God for the saints had in store
 Of sorrows of Happiness Joy and of Tears
 Not one sentence has failed I have watched many years

But He's left us and gone to the mansions above
 To prepare us a Home if we faithful should prove
 But the words He has spoken while left shall remain
 Will be lamps to my feet till I meet Him again

And I ever will cherish His memory dear
 Till I finish the mission He left for me here
 Then call me old Topy & make no complaint
 When it means an old Veteran fallen day saint

Zion

Oh ye pleasant Vales and ye Mountain Dales
 Of this Dear Chosen Land
 Oh ye Crystal Rills and ye Snow-capped Hills
 That murmur o'er the Sand
 Oh ye Happy Homes where Saints have come
 To do His Holy will
 To learn His ways and sing His praise
 And all His laws fulfill
 Oh ye waving grain where the Dearest grain
 Now Blossoms like the Rose
 Where a chosen Band from Every Land
 Now dwell in sweet Repose
 Oh ye Happy Land where Temples stand
 From which His Tares go forth
 While Sin and Crime in Every clime
 Is swept from off the Earth
 Here Christ again will come and Reign
 A thousand years below

And Peace and Joy without alloy

To Every Heart will flow

from the pleasant valley of the Jordan and

and from the mountain tops
throughout the land.

Our Mothers Birth Day

Is your Birthday again How the time flies away
How swiftly the years come and go

How short seems the time since that Bright Happy day
When we met here just one year ago

But the Day Has arrived not so fair as before

For the Children Have wandered away

And the few that Remain Have but little to spare

To make cheerful and brighten the day

But our thoughts linger with you and we hope it may be

Our lot when another shall come

To all be Joyous and pass off the Day

With Joy in the old College Home

Then may there be many Bright Birth Days to come

With Children and Friends near

To cheer up and brighten the old College Home

Your spirits to comfort and cheer

The Mail Courier

Oh yes the Days are growing short

At six the Sun goes Down

I take my Sack and Haste away

To meet the Southern Bound

When at the Truck I sit me Down

Upon the Iron Rail

And wait alone the train to come

To bring me up the Hill

Adown the track along the gloom

With anxious look I gaze

Until I see the Smoke arise

Above the Twilight Haze

Just minutes more the team arrives
 The Mailman without fail
 Receives my sack and then in haste
 He passes out my mail
 With sack across my shoulder then
 I for the office start
 No matter if the Roads are bad
 No matter if it's Dark
 For well I know they're waiting there
 They never never fail
 To gather 'round the office door
 Until I bring the mail
 And if a letter just to come
 The mail man bears the blame
 And he must take to those stairs
 As if He'd stolen the same
 And when the paper day arrives
 Of course it should not fail
 But if it does some fault of his
 Has kept it from the mail
 He must be Ready Night and day
 To wait on one and all
 He must not leave the place one hour
 For fear some one might call
 But He must be a Public Slave
 To please all things fail
 For the Honor of the office pass
 For attending to the mail

The Mail of this Town

The mail of this Town is a wonderful mail
That is Brought to the office each night from the Rail
For the people will gather from all parts of town
To hear what the News is and scullers it down

When the sack is unlocked and the mail is turned out
The people stand waiting both indoors and out
For the calling of names which is done without fail
For they each one expect to get something by mail

There's a Bundle of letters tied up with a string
And a few transient papers no very great thing
But they watch the proceeding as if Samuel Entail
A fortune to just get one letter by mail

Then there's The Enquirer the News Deserter
The Herald and Tribune I must not forget
They bring us the news whether current or stale
For a week we are sure to find them in the mail

The names are soon called and the mail handed out
Just about one in ten get a letter no doubt
Now the rest will go home to be back without fail
Tomorrow to see who gets letters by mail

Cottage Home

Was a Humble cottage Home

Where the summer flowers bloom
And an orchard with an arbor ^{from} north its bow did
And a garden for the hot

Where I water flow and sow
And a little farm above for the poor Old Friend

See a Parlor and a Hall
 If a Friend should chance to call
 And a wife within the cottage to provide Old Friend
 I have children living near
 The Old Cottage Home to cheer
 And Old Friends who dwell around on every side Old Friend
 I am set within my Door
 When my Dearly Girl is here
 And be thankful for the Blessings in my Reach Old Friend
 And I think though light of Purse
 That my Fate might still be worse
 And I profit by the lessons it does teach Old Friend
 I have lost away my Pride
 And Bust Flattery beside
 And I try to gather wisdom from above Old Friend
 Then if you like my Style
 Just call in and sit awhile
 And I'll tell you what I Hate and what I Love Old Friend
 I Love a woman's Voice
 When she makes kind words her choice
 And the Puller of the Children at their play Old Friend
 But I Hate a scold and Shrew
 Who find nothing else to do
 But to tattle and make mischief all the Day Old Friend
 I Love an Honest Man
 Who is doing all He can
 To promote the joy and Happiness of Earth Old Friend
 But I Hate the selfish Cuss
 Who would Rob you of your Purse
 And will leave this Earth no better for his Birth Old Friend
 I Love a well bred Friend
 To sport to whom I can depend
 Who will kindly bring my Faults to my View Old Friend

But a Hunter I Disprize
 Who with Flattery and Lies
 Will deceive all with whom he has to do Old Friend

To Mary Ann

Dear Sister I'm thinking of years past away
 And of scenes in the land of our Birth
 When we little children together did play
 And we knew not the sorrows of Earth

Your Parents so kind I Remember them well
 Their Love you had no one to share
 Death took them and left you many strange & dull
 An Orphan with no kindred near

But you found in my Mother a kind hand and face
 You loved her as well as your own
 She cared for your wants like a Mother to you
 Until you a woman had grown

Your life has been cheered with joy and with care
 But friends you have always found near
 And the years that are past have dropped shadows on you
 To show you the end drew with near

May the years still remaining be happy and bright
 And may there be many to come (Bright)
 When you're finished life's work and have taught the world
 May you know it has all been well done

I am Waiting Here for thee

The years of life are passing fast
 Their Fall will soon be past

I soon shall know the other shore
 For I am growing old
 I seem to hear, my Mother's Voice
 It whispers unto me
 Be faithful till thy work is done
 I'm waiting here for thee

My feeble limbs my furrowed brow
 My Hair fast turning grey
 My Sight grows dim, my Hearing dull
 All tokens of Decay
 And whispers with their gentle voice
 Which plainly says to me
 Your friends upon the other side
 Are waiting, there for thee

My friends of youth are nearly gone
 They have fallen by the way
 I seldom see a face I know
 In youth's bright sunny day
 They're left me but I seem to hear
 Their whispers beck to me
 To go on and finish up thy work
 We're waiting here for thee
 A. Duett

But you girls may dress up in great splendor
 And innocent look as a lamb
 To try to entrap some poor fellow
 But we know it is nothing but shame
 You may put on your diamonds and jewels
 Your eye glasses and ribbons so gay
 You may paint up and powder your faces
 But you'll never catch me in that way

Girls Well now I declare Did you Ever
 you Really get worse Every Day
 you think you can do as you please sirs
 And we women have nothing to say
 for Really would like you to know sirs
 we will not be Disturb about this
 we women will do as we please
 And we'll Dress if it Does make a Fuss

Boys You let in your bed in the morning
 till ten for you must have some sleep
 for you did not get home from the party
 till Day was beginning to peep
 you go moping about in the parlor
 from all useful labor you shirk
 And you spend half your time doing nothing
 while your mother is doing the work

Girls Now Really are you any better
 you Drink Chew and Smoke and you swear
 And you spend half your time on the corner
 At each woman that passes to stare
 you make love to each one that will let you
 And Merely what Lies you can tell
 And in the fine clothes you are not paid for
 you think you are cutting a swell

Boys We know we are Bad Enough Truly
 And although it is rather a nuisance
 we will give up the argument to you
 for a woman will have the last word

Girls Then let us be friends And let your son
 his friend if you wish to please

Give always many Hand to the Reins, Sir
But well I know were the way you must Drive

Both then let us be Happy together
And hunt off Contention and Strife
For who could Enjoy this Gift truly
Except as a Husband or Wife

To Joseph

I know it would be idle words
To bid you not to weep
For Her you've laid beneath the sod
To take Her final Sleep
For we are doomed to Bear the Pain
Of sorrow here below
And when with Dearest Friends we part
The bitter Tears will flow
But there is Hope a still sweet Voice
That whispers to your heart
And tells you of a better Home
For those with whom we part
It tells you that five years at best
Given to this Gift be given
Though we shall meet with those we love
And dwell with them in Heaven
Then let this thought soothe your Heart
To banish Doubts and Grief
And give you Strength to Bear the Pain
And help you Dry your Tears
And in the years that still remain
To give you Joy and Mirth
And help you in your daily Toil
And Happiness increase

The Home of my Boyhood

The Home of my Boyhood The Place of my Birth
It is Dearer to me than all others on Earth
Its Charm is still with me wherever I Roam
I can never forget thee my own Boyhood Home

The Dear kind Mother who watched over my youth
And taught me the lessons of Honor and Truth
Her Voice in my fancy is accents so low
I whispering to me wherever I go

The Voice of my Father still sounds in my Ear
The Laughter of my Brothers and Sisters so Dear
The Cow Bells low jingle the old Dinner Horn
The Crow of the Cock to awake us each Morn

The Hoot of the owl and the lone whippoorwill
At Evening we Heard from the woodland and Hill
They still Ring in my Ears altho' long years have past
Since I saw the Dear Home of my Infancy last

Although many a mile I have wandered away
My Body grows feeble my Hair turning Grey
The Happy Scenes linger I Dream of them yet
The Home of my Boyhood I'll never forget

Send For Mother

Oh John there is something the matter I'm sure
With poor little Baby today
It has slept all the morning so sweet and so dear
When you know it should wake up and play
I went to the cradle to listen just now
And see if the clothes did not smother

Her eyes were half open To Breathing, was low
Oh John you must hurry for Mother

At the old cottage Home by the fireside alone
She's mother, Dejected and sad
She is thinking of years that years are gone
When the little ones made her heart glad
The door opens softly a voice in her ear -
Says Baby has something the Mother
They could not decide what the matter could be
So they told me to hurry for Mother

There's a light in her eye as she looks from the cot
She mutters, Perhaps it is best
But she sits up late very late till I'm weary and old
I should think they might have had some rest
But the storm has dispersed there's a light in her heart
No matter how stormy the weather
When the children have some sleep, ready to start
And she's glad when they send for their mother

For she knows that her presence will banish their gloom
And drive away sorrow and fear
And scatter the sunlight and cheer up the home
They are safe when their mother is near
Oh sad is the home where no mother may come
Its tiny full troubles to smother
And light in the garden and side of home
God bless every dear tiny mother

To David

I have made up my mind you had best find your way
And come and spend with your old friends a few days

12th Day of Jan My Fathers Birth Day and Wedding Day my
Sisters Birth Day my Divorcing wedding Day Old Bet a keep some
My Fathers old Hunt Lock Shot gun

Put in a few Blankets a little Clean Hay
And come and spend with us our Fathers Birth Day

Bring with you the children those who can leave Home
And Mary Ann too if she wishes to come
And other good Friends you may meet on the way
And Have a good time on our Mothers wedding Day

Bring with you some Game say a Goose or a Duck
And a lot of good Fish if yous having good Luck
And anything else that may come in the way
To make a good time on our sisters Birth Day

A gun to kill game with for some of the Boys
Or the year that fly over and make such a noise
Say Fathers del Bet If you think it would pay
For no Doubt you Remember He died on that Day

Perhaps if you happen to come by Spring Lake
Some others may join you a visit to make
If so they'd be welcome as long as they stay
To make a good time on our girls wedding Day

What shall our Christmas Dinner be

Yankee A Pumpkin Pie a Turkey Roast
A Pudding of Corn meal

A May of Cider Ginger Bread Pork Chickens pie and trial
This Bill of Fare will do for me
This Shall our Christmas Dinner be

Englishman

Roast Beef Plum Pudding and stale Bread
A Veal or mutton Pie

A mutton Chop a May of all and a Turkey from the Kye
This Bill of Fare be

Frenchman

A Mutton Pie a Fry of eel A Pidgeon Duff or Souffle
Good Pastery Tarts a little wine with Cheese Fish & Truffles

Chorus This Belly has he

Dutchman Sour Kront and Cabbage Mutton Pie a pot of Beer or ale
Fat Beef and cheese and Buttermilk and Bread a little salt

Chorus

Irishman Potatoes Buttermilk and Pork a loaf of oat meal Bread
Good whiskey Gin and all of Beer Cheese Beef & Herring Red

Chorus

Scottishman Fat beef and pork & Mutton Pie Potatoes Cabbage Deal
A glass of whiskey Beer or all and Bread of good oat meal

Chorus

Welshman Kest Beef Plum Pudding Chicken Pie Potatoes Bread & Ham
Tea coffee ale a little wine Fresh Pork and Kest or Lamb

Chorus

Norwegian Good Fat Reindeer and Fish and Seal
Will make for me a splendid meal

Chorus

Indian Parik come Doud Kinsore Game and Fish
As fast as good as I can wish

Chorus

Aegypt Fat Opessome Core and Homany
And Hot Water Good enough for me

Chorus

Cornaball A Missionary is good enough
We Boil them when they are old and tough

To my Brother B J J

Dear Brother in Memory of years past away
When we were at home with our Mother
Who loved us so faithfully kindly and true
And taught us to love one another

She taught us good Precepts she gave good advice
 She proved our best Friend to the last
 But how have we Heeded the lessons she taught
 As on through this life we have passed
 We sometimes have Differed and Passions would Rise
 We have Quarrelled and Strone with each other
 And often the sun has gone down our wrath.
 We learned not these Lessons from Mother
 Now as age has come on we are nearing the end
 If our lives we take Time to look ~~over~~
 Perhaps we may see a few Places to mend
 Ere we meet Her on yonder Bright Shore
 Then let us Blet out from our lives all the past
 And try all the future to Brighten
 Perhaps it may prove a good Lesson at last
 And Help us our Burdens to lighten.

To my Sister Almira

Dear Sister Long years have passed By since we met
 But thy form and thy features I do not forget
 And perhaps in the picture I send you may see
 Some token or sign to Remind you of me
 The glass no doubt tells you that age comes to you
 The Picture will show you I am growing old too
 And we know that Ere many more years shall pass By
 That we both in the grave for a season must lie
 Then Ere the time comes we must lie down to Rest
 In the cold silent grave let us Bury the past
 In the years that remain let us Deal with each other
 And live by the precepts laid down by our Mother
 And if on the earth we shall not meet again
 May we meet in that land where no sorrow or pain
 Shall mar our enjoyment then till shall be over
 May we meet with our friends who have gone on before

To my Brother William

Dear Brother the picture you sent me
 I am sure it no better could be
 It is Really so Very much like you
 It seems to be speaking to me
 'Tis a present I long have been wanting
 A place in my album to fill
 I have shown it to all of the children
 All say it is Dear Uncle Will

Thrift of my Thanks for the present
 It is all I have now to Bestow
 And if you could know how we prize it
 You would not be sorry I know
 The woman who stands up Besides you
 Her features and form is so plain
 The children as soon as they saw it
 Say that's Uncle William's Aunt Jane

Christmas

It is Christmas again at the old Cottage Home
 There is Bistle around the old Hearth
 The children again are beginning to come
 To join in its pleasure and mirth
 The tables are loaded with food of the best
 And each one seems filled with delight
 But a shadow comes over our hearts as we think
 Of the Christ that is Valant to fight

In the years that are past when the holidays come
 The children have always been near
 To join in the sports at the old Cottage Home
 And partake of its mirth and good cheer

But they now are not Here they Have wandered away
 And cannot be with us to night
 Their absence has a Deep shadow to day
 For their chairs will be Vacant to night

But we Hope when another Bright Christmas shall come
 They will all be together once more
 Beneath the old Roof of the old cottage Home
 Where so oft they Have gathered before
 To enjoy all the pleasures the Holidays give
 That our Hearts may be Happy and light
 May no Shadow come over our thoughts when we think
 That no chairs will be Vacant to night

Five Faces on the Wall

I see on the sealing Five Faces together
 They all that is Left of the sons of our Mother
 And as time flies away but a few years at best
 Ere they all in the grave for a season must Rest

In the Kingdom of God they Have toiled many years
 And shared in its Blessings its sorrows and tears
 With the Prophet of God they Battled for Truth
 And Defended His Name since the Days of their Youth

They have stood by His side when the Bull was strong
 And have fought for the Truth against Oppression and wrong
 Till they saw him laid low in the cold silent grave
 And they knew that His Heart was true loyal and brave

And they knew that the Herods that were stung with His blood
 Had willfully murdered a Prophet of God

And they knew like a Lamb to the Slaughter He went
 For warning all men of their Sins to Repent

Five Faces is the five Brothers met the first time
 for nearly 40 years in 1870 at St George when the photo
 was taken

And through life they have followed the precepts they taught
 Untill eye has come on and lifes battles are fought
 Still they know that His words have been true and sincere
 And they ever will cherish His memory dear—

In the years that remain may they feel no regret
 But be firm in the cause until lifes sun shall set
 When their mission is filled may they meet Him again
 In a far better land free from sorrow and pain

Prayer

Oh thou Mighty God of Jacob
 Listen to my fervent Prayer
 As I Bow the Knee before Thee
 Wilt thou take me in thy care
 Wilt thou grant me my petition
 I will ask thee not for wealth
 But endurance Oh Father give me
 The Rich Blessing Life and Health
 I ask not for worldly honor
 I ask not for worldly Fame
 But instead Oh Father give me
 With thy children a good name
 I will ask thee not for power
 I will ask thee not for might
 But instead Oh give me wisdom
 To direct me always right
 Help me in my daily labor
 To provide for every need
 And inspire my heart to serve thee
 And thy holy word counsels heed
 When my mission here is finished
 And my earthly labor ends—

Take us back into Thy presence
 There to dwell for ever more
 This we ask through Christ our saviour
 Who our sins and sorrows bore
 And I'll give to Thee Honour
 And the glory evermore

Persecution

How often the saints have ^{been} plucked and snatched
 How oft they've been driven and plundered & robbed
 How oft they've been driven from houses and homes
 And left like the beast on the desert to roam

How often their blood has been spilt on the soil
 How oft they've been robbed of the fruits of their toil
 How ^{often} their homes have been burned to the ground
 And their wives and their children all scattered around

How often their path has been marked by their blood
 As they fled from their foes over the cold frozen soil
 How oft by the wayside the young and the old
 Have sunk down & perished with hunger and cold

They have murdered the prophet and parricide too
 They have burned down their temple then cried out
 And the saints have been exiled from country and home
 Far out on the mountains to find a new home
 and dwell to remain

Far away from their foes in the deep mountain's dell
 They have found them a home with the savage to dwell
 Where the head of the wolf and the paw of the bear
 As wont to be mingled with prayers and prayer

In the tops of the mountains away from their foes

They have Dwelt for a Season in Quiet Retreat
 Large Cities appear where the wild Beast has fed
 And Temples are Reared to the name of our god

But our foes Have Discov'ed our Quiet Retreat
 In our Towns and our Cities they are sitting here fast
 The anticipated Destruction the cry has gone forth
 There is no place for Saints on the face of the Earth

The Lady of the Period

She meets a lady on the street good morning Mrs S
 It seems an age since I met her Oh what a Splendid Dress
 It's green the very shade I love Oh what a splendid Fit
 Pray tell me where you got the goods I trust have on like it

She passes on the next she meets her Dearest Mrs J
 Oh Dear I'm glad we meet again pray How are you today
 Oh what a lovely Dress my Dear Did you meet Mrs S
 I met her just a moment since in such a Homely Dress

In such a Suit upon the street I never would be seen
 The style and fashion ages old and would you think it queer
 And thus she flatters all she meets with compliments and lies
 When out of sight the next she makes the last shall estrange

But when at home the scene has changed Extravagance and Dress
 With Pride and Fashion has exchanged Domestic Happiness
 None of such women still fast trace in good society
 Gone Homely looks will soon become a thing that used to be

To My Boys

Go Boys and find a better Land
 A Home for you and me

Where we can go and Dwell in peace
 From Noise and Bustle Free
 Where you can Raise your little ones
 In wisdoms Pleasant ways
 And I in peace and Quietude
 Can finish up my Days
 You know I'm growing old my Boys
 And soon must pass away
 Then let me live a quiet life
 The few years I may stay
 And when my earthly work is done
 And all my labors o'er
 I'll leave a Father's Blessing Boys
 If I can do no more
 I want a little Fertile Land
 Its acres may be few
 Enough to Raise my Daily Bread
 That I must surely do
 For I must labor for my Bread
 While life and Health remain
 I will not live by Charity
 While I live my wants will run
 I want my Children Living Near
 Their Faces I must see
 For I should have but little Joy
 If they were far from me
 For when I'm called from Earth away
 To take my final Rest
 I know they'd lay me gently Down
 With Flowers upon my Breast

Pride and Haughtiness

Oh what do you think Brother Joseph would say
 Should he come back to make us a visit some day

And see How by Fashions the Saints were astray
 And Leaving their former position
 No doubt He would say as He oft said of old
 That Fashions and Pride were more Potent than God
 In Leading the Saints from the true Shepherds fold
 And Leading them Down to Perdition

He had told us before He would tell us again
 We should not be Hungry as should not be vain
 Our Dress should be Homespun neat, tidy and plain
 For this was the Fashion in Heaven
 He would say I have warned you against Fashions and Pride
 To teach you the will of the Lord I have tried
 But His counsels and Precepts you would not abide
 Although for your wellfare I was given

He had told us that Thoughtfulness led us to sin
 And Vanity to it was very near kin
 And would lead from the path that the Saints ^{walk in} ~~travels~~
 But you would not attend to the warning
 That if you His counsel Refuse to abide
 And Cling to your Vanity, Folly and Pride
 In glory you never would sit By His side
 When we arise in that Bright Happy morning

He would say If we followed His Precept He taught
 Our pride cast away as a good Christian ought
 And Live and be sanctified till battles were fought
 We then a Bright crown would inherit
 We would meet Him again when our work here was done
 When our Mission was finished our Victory won
 In that Bright Happy Home with the Father and Son
 And the Saints who were led by His Spirit

Freedom and Liberty

Thank God there are some noble men in this land
By the old Constitution who firmly will stand
Brave Champions of Battle for Freedom and Right
In the strife against Oppression who bravely will fight

Fight on Valiant Heroes thy names will be spread
On our History Page with the Heroes who bled
And fought for our Liberty Freedom and Right
When the old Constitution was framed in its might

They cannot be a just one the poor and oppressed
Will remember the names of Brown Henry and Vest
In the Halls of our Congress who fought not to lose
The Oppressor who dared the old flag to disgrace

Then Hurrah for the Banner unfurl it on high
Let it float on the breeze while we sound up the cry
For Freedom and Liberty over this land
While the Old Constitution unshaken shall stand

Deseret

Deseret Deseret is our own Mountain Home
Where the Saints from all Nations and Countries will come
Where the Lord to be taught in the Parable Met
We are all here together in Fair Deseret

We are here from all Nations all Peoples and Climes
For we plainly can see by the signs of the times
That the sign for this Deseret the banner is set
We are waiting His coming in Fair Deseret

From Settlement County and State we have been driven
We have asked for Redress but no answer has been given

In Reading the Speeches of Brown Henry and Vest
in Congress on the Utah Frontier

To plan our Destruction in Council they set
 Ere we come to the Valley of Fair Desert

But our foes have Resolved with an Eye to the Spirit
 To possess all we've gained by our Labor and Toll
 They our Rulers with Falchions and Sies Have beset
 To Disfranchise the Saints in our Fair Desert

But God at the Helm will Direct us aright
 He will lead us through the Dark Stormy Night
 At Peace Faith in His Promise we must to Him get
 He will steer us safe through in our Fair Desert

TO E —

Can we forget The Friends we Love
 The youths unclouded Hours
 The Forms that wandered by our Side
 In Pleasures sunny Bowels
 Oh no let Time and Change Speed on
 To tempt us to forget
 Still with those Bright and Sunny Days
 Live in our Memory yet

Can we forget The Happy Smile
 That gladdened our young Hearts
 That almost seemed to take away
 The Pains of Season's Darts
 Oh no let Absence Break the wreath
 That Intercourse has twined
 But never can it black the gem
 Of Friendships from the mind

And when the parting hour has come
 And friends are clashing near

Can we forget The Eye that shed
 With us the parting Tears
 Oh no let other Friends Press Round
 To tempt us to forget
 Our only answer to them is
 We must Remember yet

The Twin Graves

So slowly were laid them beneath the cold Clay
 The Friends we have cherished in life's busy Day
 In one silent grave we have left them to sleep
 They have left us in sorrow and sadness to weep

Oh how heavy our Hearts as we turned from the place
 What sorrow was pictured on each friendly face
 The Tears fell in torrents from Hearts running o'er
 As we left those dear Friends to be with them no more

Oh how we shall miss them around the home hearth
 When we mingle our voices in pleasure and mirth
 In the shadows of evening at parties and Ball
 We shall think of those loved ones and how they all

How sadly we'll miss them when in the gay throng
 We join in the pleasure of dance and of song
 Their memory we'll cherish till life's dream is o'er
 And we must part the shadows to part nevermore

On the Death of my Daughter

Adieu my dear Daughter adieu for a while
 We shall soon meet again if kind Providence shall
 Then our sorrows will cease on that bright sunny shore
 With our friends and our kindred where you are before

generally Newell died from an accident at a
 skating at twelve the same day her father had
 and were buried in the same grave

Margaret Ellen

"Our Mothers Grave."

Behold upon that Sacred Stone
 These Simple words Our Mothers Grave
 A Tender Mother Never was Known
 With Love more pure or Heart more True

Shes Resting in Her Lowly Bed
 Shes Free from sorrow Toil and Care
 But Tears of Sorrow oft is shed
 For Her who sleeps so sweetly there

Sleep on Dear Mother Take Thy Rest
 Thy work on Earth is nobly Done
 Thy Spirit now is with the Blest
 Where other Dear Loved Friends are gone

Thy Children who are left behind
 Still Mourn the Loss of one so Dear
 So Loving Faithful True and Kind
 How can we Help but Shed a Tear

But we must Told a few more years
 For this cold Earth its Storms to Borne
 But we Remember oft with Tears
 These Simple words Our Mothers Grave

Bygone Years

Oh no I cannot Smile Tonight
 My Heart is Sad and Sore
 For Dreaming of Bright Happy Days
 That will Return no more
 For Thinking of a Fair young Form
 That Wandered by my Side

(Our Mothers grave is the inscription on the stone at the head of
 my Mothers grave at Cornhill Street Dover

Who shared my sorrows and my joys
She was my Happy Bride

Our Hearts are full of Love and Hope
For Joy in years to come
We Braved the trials in our path
Around our cottage Home
How swiftly Passed Those Happy Days
So full of Joy to me
Without a thought that Time would bring
Such Bitter Misery

How fondly Did I Hope that Fate
When Life's Decline should come
Would leave us calmly to enjoy
A Peaceful Quiet Home
But Such is life and such my Fate
Again I am left to roam
And Brave this cold and Bitter world
With neither friends or Home

Deserted Friendless and alone
In Life's Declining years
To Battle with the world's cold Scorn
In sorrow and in tears
But come what will I'll Battle on -
And Every danger Brave
To win me Friends and Home again
To lay me in my grave

To Ada

We have laid her away in the cold silent Tomb
And our Hearts are overshadowed with sadness and gloom

We Have Turned from the place with a Sad Heavy Heart
For its Heart with our dear little house to part

But we know that the Angels now take her Home
Where sickness and sorrow were never more
She is free from temptation she now is at Rest
And God in His wisdom Has done for the best -

How sadly we miss Her around the Home Hearth
Her smile and Her Laughter Her prattle and mirth
Her Kismet Her Toys Her Companions and all
They will often Remind us and Fear Death will Fall

And then at the Table How lonely I'll be
There Her sweet little face we shall never see
The Bed where she slumbered the Pillow she Prest
And the Prayer that she murmured Retiring to Rest

But God in His wisdom has called her away
Then why should we mourn or wish her to stay
In this cold dreary world full of sorrow and pain
When we know that someday we shall meet her again

My 59th Birth Day

And can it be so many years
Have Really Past away
That I am Fifty Nine years old
On this my Natal Day
That age is Really coming on
And life is really less
That all my Boyhood years are gone
To come to me no more

I feel the same impulses still
 The sorrow and the joy
 The hope of Happiness and rest
 As when I was a Boy
 But then the Labor and the toil
 My Limbs will not perform
 My sight is Dim My Hearing Dull
 My Brain with Furrows worn

My Body Bent My Dark Brown Hair
 Is colored all with grey
 All tell me I am growing old
 All tokens of Decay
 Then when from Earth I'm called away
 May Friends be gathered near
 To lay me calmly in the grave
 And shed the parting Tear

Sad Memories

They have Flattered Her pride and Her Vanity too
 They have made Her Believe I am false and untrue
 They have filled Her with Lies till Her soul has grown cold
 She has left me alone when I'm feeble and old

How well I Remember the Days of our youth
 When she seemed to be all that was Honor and Truth
 When her love to my Heart was more precious than gold
 It has faded away when I'm feeble and old

She has met other Lovers more youthful and fair
 Who will flatter Her pride and Her Vanity share
 They have lured Her away with the glitter of gold
 She has left me Because I am feeble and old

Oh How Sad is my Heart as I sit Here alone
 And I think of the years that years are gone
 When a Dear Loving Gift in my arms I truly felt
 Now she spurns me Because I am Feeble and old

Altho Fickle and false she has been a good wife
 And the Mother of those I love Dearer than life
 For the sake of those loved ones many Blessings confer
 Around Her who spurns me Because I am old

Sadness

My Thoughts are Very Sad tonight
 My Heart is filled with woe
 I'm thinking of the years gone By
 And Tears of sorrow flow
 I'm thinking of the Drearly Past
 Its sorrow and its pain
 And feel the sun upon my Heart
 Will never shine again

The Drearly Past the present gloom
 The Future none may see
 But no Bright Prospect Hovers Round
 To lend a Hope to me
 No Home No Friends to speak kind words
 To make me Hope again
 O'er feel the sun upon my Heart
 Will ever shine again

My only Hope is in the grave
 Where all my sorrow ends
 There I will Hope to find a Home
 And meet my Early Friends

There Free From all my earthly cares
 My Sorrow and my Pain
 Perhaps upon my weary Heart
 The sun may shine again

Twenty years ago

Oh give me back the good old times
 Of twenty years ago
 With all the trials and the toils
 We then did undergo
 But with it bring the joy and peace
 With which we all were blest
 And best of all the sweet content
 That filled each throbbing breast

How cheerfully each day we toiled
 Our daily bread to earn
 Well knowing that a faithful wife
 Awaited our return
 No pride or fashion to destroy
 Domestic Happiness
 Or touch us with selfishness and vice
 But all was joy and peace

Our wives with willing hands did toil
 Their home-spun to provide
 To clothe their children and themselves
 And all were satisfied

Although no dainties decked our board
 We relished well our food
 'Twas what the earth brought forth to us
 And all pronounced it good

How happy were our evenings spent
 At parties or at Ball
 Where not a jot of Discontent
 Was known within the Hall
 But pleasure Beamed in Every Eye
 And Joy filled Every Heart
 And often would the Power appear
 Ere we would choose to part.

Then give me back Those Happy Days
 Though Hardships may befall
 And take away Best Fashion Kall
 With Haughtiness and Pride.
 A cheerful Home with Social Friends
 Though Poor that Home ^{will} be
 'Tis Better Far than Pride and Gold.
 That Brings but Misery.

Hope

One by one they all are leaving
 To a Southern Land they go
 They are leaving me in sorrow
 On this Land of Frost and Snow
 Oh how gladly would I mingle
 With my Friends and join the Band
 Who are leaving this cold Country
 For a Brighter Sunny Land

But the Lord has so provided
 That I must remain awhile
 But I soon will gather with them
 If kind Fortune on me smile
 For I feel in desperation
 That my Body will be laid

written after my Brothers B & F's request. Request to
 go with them to Arizona

When I've finished up my Mission
 Beneath the Fig Trees Pleasant Shade

Although Trials now beset me
 I Have Faith That God is Just
 And will Bear me Safely Through Them
 If His Promises I Trust
 And the Clouds That Hang above me
 And overshadow me to day
 Will be Ript and the Sunlight
 Will again Shine on our way

For the Spirit whispers to me
 That my Labor is not Done
 I must Finish up my Mission
 Which is only just begun
 Although years are passing on me
 There are Better Days for me
 Ere I lay me Down to slumber
 I shall fill my Destiny

Spring (a Burlesque)

A Thought has struck me just the thing
 I'll jot it Down my Poetic Briny
 (Oh Dear what house is that without)
 (Now Charley what are you about)

Oh Glorious Spring Thy Buds and Flowers
 Thy Golden Sunshine and Thy Flowers
 Thy gentle Zephyrs what a Rest
 New children Cant you keep more sweet

Thy gentle Zephyrs Through The Trees
 Thy Fragrance Floating on The Breeze

The Meadows Green (There Minnie see
If some one is not calling me)

The Meadows Green The Fragrant air
The Sparkling Dew like Diamonds here
The warbling of the Lark and Linnet
(We cut some wood in just a minute)

Oh How I Love this Beautiful Spring
My Penises all the Days Long
The Brightest season of the year
(Go to the office I be there)

I Love to wander over the Hills
And Listen To the Measuring Bells
And call the Flowers upon the plain
(There I must go I hear the bells)

Friends.

Oh No I cannot live alone
I must have others near me
To pass the lonely hours away
To comfort and to cheer me
Without companions life would be
A Desert lone and dreary
I'd have a wife to comfort me
When I am sad and dreary

To be my true and loving friend
Through sorrow many a battle met
And when we'd reached the other end
I'd have her hand beside me
I'd have a daughter sweet home
Where friends might sometime gather

To Pass a social Holiday
In Happiness together.

I'd Have my Kindred living near
Where I could often greet them
And when the Holidays come round
With pleasure I would meet them
I'd Have them gather round my Board
All in their proper places
Partaking of my humble Fare
With cheerful happy Faces

A few good Neighbors I would Have
A man may sometimes need them
For when the poor are in our midst
They'd Help to clothe and feed them
I'd have enough of worldly goods
Obtained by honest labor
To keep us all from knowing want
Myself my Friend my Neighbor

Deseret

Oh what a sad Dilemma
All the people now are in
About the mormon Question
Called the Barberrism Fair
They seem to be determined now
To wipe us out and set
The poor deluded mormon wives
All free in Deseret

So in the Halls of Congress
Over which our Banner waves

They have Robbed us of our Freedom
 And have Voted us all Slaves
 They Robbed us of our Franchise
 And Rulers over us set
 To Bring us into Slavery
 On Lonely Desert

They have Robbed us of our Liberty
 They've Robbed us of our Wives
 They've Robbed us of our Children too
 All Dearer than our Lives
 And all for our Retiyeon too
 That we such Treatment get
 While we are Powerfull Citizens
 Of Lonely Desert

They Drive us from our Settlements
 They Robbed us of our Homes
 They Drive us from the Country too
 Over Desert lands to Roam
 Then from the State they Drive us
 No Jover could we get
 We are under to the ballies of
 The Lonely Desert

Here we dwell in peace & season
 Where by Labor and by Toil
 We have Built up Towns and Cities
 And Reclaimed the sterile Soil
 And the Lord has Bled us freely
 Since our Migration here we set
 In the place He had Prepared for us
 The Vales of Desert

But our foes are now Determined
 They will Drive us once again
 And Dispoil us of our Riches
 And possess our Fair Domain
 So to Drive us From this Nation
 They our Rulers have be set
 But the Lord will not Forsake us
 In our lovely Desert

Religion

There's a sort of Religion some people Profess
 They put it on Sunday when they go to Dress
 And at night they will fold it and put it away
 And they see it no more till the next Sabbath Day
 For such a Religion I have not a care

Look lines
 of last verse

I guarantee a Religion for every day we live
 They will sit in the Church with an devout look
 While they Hear the good Doctrine contained in the Book
 With their grace solemn face you would think ^{them} so
 That a Bad thought or action they could not condone
 Chorus

They will give you good counsel and warn you from sin
 And tell you the way that a Saint should walk in
 They will wear a long face through the whole Sabbath Day
 And sometimes in meeting they'll preach & sing
 Chorus

On Monday you'll see them go out on the street
 To take the advantage of each one they meet
 If it costs them a bit they will make a good trade
 And they'll boast of what they have dishonestly made
 Chorus

Sometimes you may see them around the Saloon
 Or down on the Store steps from morning till noon

If they ever give you good promise for Pay
But you cannot depend on a word they will say
Chorus

For flattery and gossip they sometimes tell
And flattery too and make mischief as well
Thus each day in the week they their time pass away
But they bear their Religion on each Sabbath day
It's only a shame to say at the best
When they arise on Sunday in a Religion dress.

Home Again

Well here I am again at Home
And in my quarters all alone
And must again my Life begin
By which my Daily Bread I win

The Days since from my Home I went
Quite pleasantly have all been spent
In social amuse and good cheer
By social friends and children dear

And then the little children too
How well they tried what they could do
To entertain us and to make
The time pass pleasant for us three

Beneath our window they did sing
And make the air with music ring
Their childish laugh their merry glee
All made a happy time for me

But happy days must have an end
And friend must some time part with friend
To battle with the cares of life
And share its sorrows and its strife

Let 2 lines
on 1st verse

on arising at Home after a first to my children at home again
Gambler is a tale 1880

And so again with Henry Hewitt
 I must again Resume my post
 And fill my Mission here below
 For soon will be my Task to go

Farewell to my Home

Farewell to my once Happy Home
 Farewell to the Cottage and Vine
 And the orchard, deep shade
 Where the children have played
 In the years when Contentment was mine

Farewell to my once loving Friends
 Farewell to my children so Dear
 And the wife of my Heart
 I must now with Her part
 Though it causes me many a Tear

Farewell to each Token so Dear,
 I see them wherever I go
 That Reminds of the past
 And in Memory will last
 And cause Tears of sorrow to flow

Far down in the Journey of life
 An outcast from Friends and from Home
 With a sad parting tear
 I must leave all so Dear
 And push my Journey along

Oh how sad has life been in the past
 And the future no Brighter may be
 With no Hopes sunny Ray
 To illumine my Dark way

It shed its gall upon me

The years are fast passing away
That hasten me on to the tomb
Where I hope to find rest
In the land of the Blest
Far away from Earth's sorrow and gloom

To my sister Esther Feb 1884

Dear sister your valued my letters of late
Have saved me of sorrow and trouble

It seems in this life the caprices of fate
Have caused all my sorrows to double
My wife she that should be my comfort and stay
As we pass through the shadows of life
She has gone from her home she has left me for aye
My darling my dear cherished wife
No pen can my feeling of sorrow portray
My little ones sit on my knee
Oh where is my mother who is she away
I wonder where mother can be

The tears blind my eyes as I try to suppress
A shadow of what I endure

Despair grief and sorrow insouling my heart
For she she was spotless and pure

For twenty long years we have banded to part
Through the shadow and sunshine of life

Many storms we have seen but not with sugar balm (written)

She was always my own cherished wife

But is past and the last tie that bound us is broken
Bitter grief and despair fills my heart

Those hard bitter words were so cruelly spoken

Time never can heal up the smart

This and the following was written in answer to her letters to me

We must part and forever Oh Harold is the Tale
 That tells of the wrongs I endure
 I cannot accuse thee though harmless and frail
 She once was so spotless and pure
 Your letter so kind to my heart is a Ray
 Of sunshine mid darkness and gloom
 For to know I am a friend on my dark lonely way
 As I pass to the shadowy tomb
 To answer your letter I'd surely be glad
 But I feel so unfit to do
 My mind is too gloomy my heart is too sad
 To tell you the half I would say
 My health is no better than when I wrote last
 The children are able to go
 I am sure I can't tell when all winter be past
 The ground is all covered with snow
 Of the question you asked I but little can tell
 J. E. said but little about it
 I have faith in the future that all will be well
 I never a moment can doubt it
 Of the order of Enock But little I know
 And trouble I never will borrow
 For it comes fast enough in this life as we go
 For to me lies all trouble and sorrow

To My Sister Esther D. M. M. M.

Dear sister you wish me to tell you my mind
 Of the order of Enock but I don't feel inclined
 To say much about it so little I know
 That on the grave subject no fight could I show
 J. E. in his letter said little to me
 And all I could tell is worth nothing to thee
 Besides I am concluded no trouble to borrow
 For I find in this world enough trouble and sorrow

What Eastern thinks I am sure I can't tell
 But Her thoughts and my own do not correspond well
 But I believe you shall know of the trouble I've had
 Through to night you cannot see my heart is too sad
 But this too you shall know she has gone to her mother
 And caused me such anguish that I can't smother
 Oh how I would like to be with you awhile
 To chase away sorrow & care to beguile
 If seeds will be to you of any avail
 I send in - in your order I'll send them by mail
 If you have a needle or two you can spare
 I should like Number 5 if by six I don't care
 For the old weed Machine and will send them to me
 You cannot imagine how glad I would be
 For a paper I have not the money to send
 And we have not a needle to make it to mend
 In a very few days I'll send money for shoes
 And then you shall take what you seat me before
 Do not bother about them if you have not them yet
 I will do very well if I have them or not
 My Health is not good as I said in my letter
 And trouble and sorrow won't make it much better
 But I think if I weather it through for awhile
 I will make you a visit I'll care to beguile
 The children are with me at present all well
 But how long I shall keep them I am sure I can't tell
 I will hope for the best for the worst I'll suppose
 If they too should leave me who for me would care
 This life is all filled up with sorrow and trouble
 And in dealing it out Heaven allows me Doubt
 The gods will soon end it and why should I care
 When all of its pleasure for me is stored bare
 The winter out here has been very cold
 The cattle are dying off both young and old

your small Bander cow has been found with the Rest
 I lost Two or Three Horses one of them my best
 There are Hordes of them already Dead on the Range
 But the snow is fast coming, I think it will change
 Bright spring will soon be here to make us all glad
 But what is Bright spring To Horses That are Sad
 From Spring Tack I've not Heard for many a Day
 If the D's are there I am sure I can't say
 I never Hear from them wherever they are
 Like others for me they seem nothing to care
 I much Doubt if to Conference well I could come
 I should very much like to if I could leave them
 Yes Miles is Married and got Him a wife
 And He thinks He Has got all He wants in this life
 I believe you've not seen Her, Alice withing her name
 But I Hope She's a very good girl all the same
 When Mollie will marry I am sure I can't say
 There is plenty of time yet for many a Day
 Her and Laura Kupa's House for the children and me
 But how long it will be so I's Hard now to see
 But as Everything changes so this will of course
 Like Every thing Else Change For Better or Worse
 Although Heard is my lot for my children I bear
 For they certainly need all a Parents fond care
 You liked the Envelope I sent you before
 When I can think of it I'll send you some more
 The stamps that you sent me are money to me
 For I send them for seeds and Envelopes you see
 But you'd far better keep them than give them away
 For I have no prospect I ever can pay
 By this mail all the seeds that you want will be sent
 If your Kingalms will Buy them I and for what you want
 So now I will close wishing you a good night
 And Hoping you soon send me a letter with a sign

But Too Hard in your Thoughts Don't to Exclude her
For surely she has been a good wife to me

On The Death of my Brother Joel

No No Not Dead but gone to sleep
Ere long to wake again
When Christ shall come again to Earth
A Thousand years to Reign
Not Dead but Resting for awhile
From all the Joils of Earth
To Quicken in a better Home
And gain Celestial Birth

Not Dead but waiting in the grave
A Bayle's crown to wear
To mingle with His Early Friends
Their Happiness to share
He is not Dead So Realms where
His Spirit Free has fled
No more to mingle with us here
But say not He is Dead

He is not Dead it cannot be
His Labor has been Vain
That He is Dead and in His grave
To never Rise again
No He has Passed behind the Veil
To meet His Friends who Bled
And Died as Martyrs for the truth
No No He is not Dead

Reflection

1880

I've wandered over the Road again
I've traveled off before

In years gone By and Marked Each Spot
I knew in Days of yore

Panama Springs
I was Here with wife and children too
I camped one Dewy night
But never thought of Loneliness

Rocky Ridge
To me the world was Bright
And Here again I camped one Night
When sickness Racked my Frame

Santaquin
But I in youth and full of Hope
Could Bravely Bear the Pain
And Here in youths Bright sunny Day
I Reared my Early Cot

And many Happy Hours I've spent
On this Dear Hallowed Spot

Spring Creek
And Here again in later years
I made my Humble Home
But sorrow came and clouded mine
And filled my Heart with gloom

Paysan
And Here again forty years ago
From Savage Hands to flee
I found a Home to dwell awhile

Spanish Fork
My children, wives and me
My noble Steed had swam the stream
And I was safely o'er

Ringville
My wife and children met me Here
To see me safe on shore

And Here again was once my Home
Twas many years ago

Er sorrows Pain had touched my Heart
With Bitterness and woe

And thus each Spot brings back to me
Some Memory of the past

Some token of those Happy Days
To full of joy to last

Of Days when I had Health and youth
 And Friends were kind and true
 And words in Virtue Love and Truth
 Were pure as Morning Dew
 But now alone without a Home
 In life's Declining years
 I often find those scenes again
 In Bitterness and Tears

Our Dear Old Home

Our Dear old Home is Desolate
 As through each Room I go
 My Footsteps cause a hollow sound
 Which fills my heart with woe
 The pictured walls I gaze upon
 Such memories bring to me
 Of Happy Days forever gone
 And left but misery

The Hall where in the merry dance
 To music sweetest strains
 I've mingled oft with social friends
 All times meet again
 'Tis gloomy now a shadow deep
 Hangs o'er my heavy heart
 As falls rec with my Home and Friends
 I must forever part

These pleasant scenes of Happy Days
 In life's Declining years
 Have vanished like the morning Dew
 And left but sorrowing tears
 But such is Life the Sun may shine
 But clouds will some times rise

And Darken Every Ray of Hope
In Life uncertain Skies

Thus in the Evening of my life
I'm Left without a home
Or loving Friends to comfort me
An Exile I must Roam
So I must Linger Down the Hill
In Shadow and in gloom
Until I Reach my Journey's End
The Cold and Silent Tomb

Christmas Again

At the old College House it is Christmas again
And mirth and enjoyment and Happiness Reign
With Hearts overflowing with pleasure and glad
They all are Delighted and Happy but me

With Lord of the Dance the Tables abound
And Dainties and Luxuries scattered around
With sumptuous feasting and Rare Jollity
They all seem enjoying the Pleasure but me

As the shadows of Eve are beginning to fall
They to finish their sports have Retired to the Hall
With plunders of music of Rare Melody
They all are Light hearted and Happy but me

I have toiled many years till I'm weary and old
I have suffered the pangs of Thirst Hunger and Cold
With the Hope that when aye I should come in there would be
A Home in this cold dreary world left for me

But Fortune was Fickle and Friends were untrue
 And my Hopes have all vanished away like the Dew
 All the years that remain I a wanderer must be
 There is no Home but the grave in this world would for me

May we not then Part as Friends
 Since the Golden Chain is Broken
 That once Bound us Heart to Heart
 And the cruel words are spoken
 That has severed us apart
 And our Paths are now diverging
 We must live to Different Ends
 We must part perhaps Forever
 May we not then Part as Friends

Many years we've shared together
 All their Sorrows and their Joys
 Now our Destiny must sever
 In our Fast Declining years
 Wrinkles Deepen on our Foreheads
 Silver Threads among the Grey
 Sight grows Dim and Truths grow feeble
 All are Tokens of Decay

Showing that our years are numbered
 That our lives are nearly over
 Sudden Does the thought come over me
 Must we part to meet no more
 Life to me has little pleasure
 When with Friends I'm forced to part
 Must I then Resign the Treasure
 That has wholly filled my Heart

Could Fate thy spell is Broken
 By what sorrow few can tell
 Since the cruel words are spoken
 Bravely will I say Farewell
 But in coming years should sorrow
 Touch thy heart and cause thee pain
 When thy halloving friends desert thee
 Then perhaps wilt meet again

But I cannot spare this caution
 Heed it or 'twill cause regret
 I trust thy summer friends no longer
 Or thy san of hope is set
 When thy brow becomes more wrinkled
 When thy hair becomes more grey
 When thy beauty fades forever
 Summer friends will fly away

To Charlotte

Dear sister This title to me is so dear
 That I Hope you'll not Blame me for using it Here
 For my Sisters and Brothers are Really so few
 That I Hope I may still find a Sister in you

This title to me thou hast borne many years
 I can only Resign it in sorrow and tears
 Then our years that Remain let us live no more
 At least with the Friendships of Sisters and Brothers

In this Hard Decaying world we have found many
 When adversity comes that will still Remain true
 But may I still find you a Friend to the last
 A gem among pebbles thy lot has been cast

My 60th Birth Day

Thanks Thanks Kind Friends for coming here
 A while with us to stay
 To celebrate and bring good cheer
 On this my Natal Day
 You little know how much of joy
 Your presence here has brought -
 Or how good actions and kind words
 With Happiness is fraught

When sorrow fills the drooping heart
 And gives the spirit pain
 Kind gentle words may cheer us up
 And make us Hope again
 Our friends are few and life is short
 Then let us while we stay
 With gentle words and kindly deeds
 Bring Hope to all we may

Valentine

Bright visions are passing before me to night
 Of the years past away that were happy and bright
 And many bright faces before me appear
 Of the friends of my youth that to me were so dear
 Oh how fondly I gaze on the scenes of the past
 While fancy allows the bright visions to last
 And I hail those bright forms as they pass from my view
 And the brightest of all and most cherished was you

But the past has all vanished the present I see
 With a dark dreary future unfolding to me
 With no bright stars of hope through the darkness and gloom
 To shed light on my way to the cold silent tomb

All alone I must tread the Downhill of Life
 With no friend by my side with no Dear Loving Wife
 For my Friends have all Vanished away Like the Dew
 And now I am Shamed and Dejected By you

May God in His Mercy His pity Bestow
 As through the Dark Shadow of Life I shall go
 And Help me my Burdens and Trials to Bear
 And Provide me with Friends all my Sorrow to share
 And when I have finished Life's work here below
 May I know His will Done and be Ready to go
 Then among Loving Friends who are Loyal and true
 And the Dearest of all may I not then find you.

To Horace Edgar

Another Bud has Drooped and Died
 Ere it was in its Bloom
 To blossom in a Brighter Land
 Beyond the Silent Tomb
 Oh How we miss our Darling ones
 With whom we've forced to part
 To lay them in the Silent Tomb
 Oh How it Rends the Heart

Oh How we miss their childish Forms
 Around the lonely Hearth
 Oh How we miss their Merry Sports
 Their Laughter and their Mirth
 But we are Doomed to Sorrow here
 While on the earth we stay
 But yet we feel that God is just
 He gives and Takes away

in the Death of my Grand son

We Shall Meet

We shall meet but we shall miss Him
 There will be one Vacant Chair
 When we gather Round the Fireside
 We shall Miss His Presence There
 Just one year ago we gathered
 In our Dear old Cottage Home
 Joy was Beaming in his Features
 And His Eye with Justice shone

When we clasped the Hands at Parting
 Tears in Tears Drowned and Fell
 And our Hearts were filled with anguish
 As we said the last farewell
 Now our little Band is Broken
 We are Drifting with the Tide
 And our Dear old Home forsaken
 We are scattered far and wide

We shall meet but many faces
 May be absent from our Band
 They are Drifting from our circle
 They are scattered through the land
 But we hope once more to gather
 May each Broken Link be there
 But our Hearts will swell with anguish
 When we see the Vacant Chair

July 24th 1884

This is the Day we Celebrate
 In this our Mountain Home
 For on this Day the Pioneers
 Into the Valley came

At the Death of my Boy H. F.

Just Thirty Seven years ago
 Our Banner was unfurled
 On Esquima Peak our loyalty
 To show to all the world

On each succeeding year this Day
 We have together met
 In every Town to celebrate
 The Birth of Deseret
 Then may our children yet unborn
 Still celebrate with cheers
 The Entrance in these Vallies of
 The Noble Pioneers

The Old Veterans

Oh where are those Brave Valiant Heroes
 Who stood By the prophet of God
 And Valiantly fought in His service
 When traitors were seeking His blood
 Who wore out their lives and their fortunes
 Till they saw Him laid low in the tomb
 And still have continued the warfare
 Though all was in darkness and gloom
 They are lying along by the wayside
 Worn out by their labor and toil
 They are resting where mobs and shame traitors
 No more can rob plunder and spoil
 They have fought the good fight and have finished
 Their mission of labor below
 And now with the martyrs before them
 They dwell beyond sorrow and woe

This and the preceding Read at the celebration

Friend Children

Oh how my Heart yearns for the bright sunny faces
All beaming with joy of my children and wife
And all those Dear Friends that once knew my Entails
So Dear to my Heart in the Morning of Life

How sadly I miss them as lonely I wander
Around my lone Cabin By night and by Day
And often in Twilight I silent by Ponder
O'er the Dreams of my Life in the years past away

When all those Bright Faces were hovering around me
And I moved by Fortune No sorrow I knew
But Dark cruel Fate in its Follies Has Bound me
And forced me to Bid all Life's Pleasures adieu

Now Friendless and Homeless all social ties Broken
Alone I must pass through the Morning of Life
Till Death shall Relieve me and Banish each Token
Of Love I have borne for Friends Children and wife

To FRIEND Feb 21st 1880

Dear Friend upon your natal Day
With Joy we meet you here
To show the Love we bear for you
And join you in good cheer
Then may we have a merry time
While we together stay
And when we part may each one feel
We've spent a happy Day
May Happiness fill every Breast
And Joy fill every Heart
And each one feel a willingness
To act their proper part

Read at a Relief Society anniversary

Let Every Care be laid aside
 And Every Heart be light
 And may no jar or discord come
 Our Happiness to bright
 And when we from each other part
 May Each one Bear away
 Remembrance of the Happy scenes
 Of this your Natal Day

An Acrostic

To celebrate your Natal Day
 We all Have met you Here
 Each Bent on passing off the Day
 In Pleasure and good cheer
 Like children we have left our Told
 And Thrown our cares away
 In Mirth and Happiness and Joy
 To spend your Natal Day
 Then let us Have a merrry Time
 Let Every Heart be light
 Here let no jar or discord come
 Our Happiness to Bright
 And when the Time Shall come to part
 Let Everyone Bear away
 Fond Remembrance of the scenes
 Of this your Natal Day
 And of all sorrow care or strife
 Let Mirth and Pleasure Reign
 Each willing to perform his part
 While we shall Here remain
 Let our Motto and to you
 Our Leader we will say
 Our Friends all join in wishing you
 Full many a Glad Birth Day

Read at a Relief Society Anniversary

TO MY OLD COAT

Then Dear old Coat as Summers past
 And winter comes with storm and Blast
 I've come for you again
 For thou has been my only friend
 On thee I always could depend
 Through winter Snow or Rain

Thy Friendship has been ever true
 Since first I bought thee Bright and new
 Fresh from the Tailors Hand
 And thou hast served me many years
 And shared my sorrows joys and fears
 And always been my friend

But we're growing old and grey
 And soon we both will pass away
 But we will go together
 Ill patch thee up and Bush thee too
 And make thee just as good as new
 To wear in stormy weather,

Though thou art lattered old and torn
 I too am getting old and worn
 Together we have passed
 Through many a Rough and Rugged way
 And been companions through a day
 And will be to the last

For when the Sates shall so decay
 That thou no more can comfort me
 Thy Tatters Old and Rotten
 I too shall then be old and grey
 And I like thee, will pass away
 And both will be forgotten

Going Down the Hill

When I was young and in my prime
 With nimble limbs and strong
 But little sorrow then I knew
 For then my heart was young
 I bravely failed to win my Beau
 No matter good or ill
 But never thought in those bright days
 Of going down the Hill

I battled hard with poverty
 To drive it from my door
 When sickness and when sorrow came
 Their pains I bravely bore
 With loving wives and children too
 My humble cot to fill
 And in my joy I never thought
 Of going down the Hill

But age came on and silver threads
 Were scattered through my hair
 And many a furrow on my brow
 Were marks of toil and care
 My limbs grew feeble then my heart
 Began to feel a chill
 For then I knew I'd reached the top
 And turning down the Hill

With feeble steps I tottered on
 But fortune on me frowned
 My dearest friends deserted me
 Like father I was bound
 But still I struggled with my fate
 Faint weary worn and old

With many a Jotter by the way
 In going Down the Hill

Now I am left without a home
 And Every Hope is gone
 And o'er my Heart a shadow falls
 For I am left alone
 A Little more of woe my cup
 Of Bitterness to fill
 I soon shall Drive its Deep and Reach
 The Bottoms of the Hill.

Christmas Again 1885

Yes Christmas is coming The Happy New Year
 Is swiftly approaching and soon will be here
 And Hearts not overburdened with sorrow and Care
 For mirth and enjoyment begin to prepare

For Joy and Festivities Now are at Hand
 And Feasting and Pleasure will Reign in the Land
 And Every Enjoyment that wealth can procure
 Will be Shared in all Homes but too Humble a Door

But are there not Hearts that are Heavy and sad
 Whom the Holidays will not make merry or glad
 Whose the Sting of Misfortune or Sorrow or Pain
 Or come out and weary by Poverty's Reign

Then let us be Brothers and Hunt out the poor
 And with all the Needle Divide of our store
 And cheer up the sorrowful comfort the sad
 And share with the Needy and make their Hearts glad

That none in our midst - may have sorrow or grief
 Where kind words or actions will give them Relief
 That all may see late of our Month and year cheer
 A Bright Merry Christmas a Happy New Year

Christmas Eve

1885

Is Christmas Eve and Everything
 About the House is still
 Three little stockings on the wall
 For Santa Claus to fill
 Three children in the Trundle bed
 But cannot go to sleep
 To catch a glimpse of Santa Claus
 They from the corner peep

Are told then that He would not come
 Till all within the House
 Were fast asleep and Everything
 Is quiet as a mouse
 'Tis Twelve o'clock and now at last
 To slumber they must yield
 And Santa Claus has come and gone
 Their stockings all are filled

So in the morning we shall hear
 Them shout with noisy glee
 For little makes such little ones
 As happy as can be
 So may we often bear in mind
 That we may oft make glad
 By little words or little deeds
 A heart care worn and sad

New Year

1885

Dear children on this New Years Day
 My thoughts are much of thee
 And of the Friends in years gone by
 That were so Dear to me
 When at thy Dear old Cottage Home
 On each Bright New Years Day
 We met together one and all
 To pass the time away
 Where mirth and merriment and song
 Were shared by one and all
 And every heart was gay and light
 In that Dear Cottage Hill
 But what a change our little Band
 Were drifting with the tide
 A storm arose and wrecked our ship
 And we are scattered wide
 And some are in the Churchyard laid
 Beneath the silent clay
 And others scattered o'er the land
 As wanderers far away
 And never more our little Band
 Will meet within the walls
 For strangers pass its portals now
 And dwellers within the Hall
 And if again we meet we meet
 Beneath the Azure skies
 We may yet meet in that Bright Home
 Where storms can never rise

My ~~50th~~ Birth Day

1885

We have all been together yes all have been here
 We have passed off the Day in Joy mirth and good cheer

Now all have Departed and gone to their Homes
 And again I am sitting Here sad and alone
 'Tis my Birth Day I'm sixty two years old to day
 All the Friends of my youth are fast passing away
 Then why am I left Here to wander alone
 In this cold Dreary world when its pleasures are gone

Seed Circular

Dear Friends and old Patrons Now listen to me
 I've a few words to say which I think you agree
 Will be good for us all in these very hard Times
 And save for our Pockets a few Precious Dimes

In the years that are past I have furnished you seed
 For your farm or your garden as you have had need
 And we taken your Produce and Trade for pay
 But we have as yet Refused cash by the way

If I ever by chance got a Dollar or two
 The first man would get it who called for his Due
 And you in your farm might Receive it again
 If in this hard country you let it Remain

But if you send money for seeds to the East
 You will see it no more in this country at least
 And the seeds from the South are worth nothing at best
 You will waste all the money in them you know best

But you'd do far the best with the seeds Raised at Home
 Or Brought from a climate as cold as our own
 And let all the cash in the country Remain
 And give us a chance to behold it again

With Thanks for Past Favors in seasons gone by
 I will Hope in the future you'll get your supply
 From the seeds I send out or from the things she must
 Or call at my place where I keep them for sale

Steadfast Livelihood

Now Friends you've failed the Sammers through
 To Raise a little Grain
 To Feed your wives and little ones
 When winter comes again
 Now Don't be foolish as you've been
 And sell it at the store
 For Let the Millers Steal it all
 As you have Done before

But take a Farmers advice and mark
 Your sack in letters plain
 For Fears the Sacks you take to mill
 You'll never see again
 But if your name is letters plain
 As printed on each sack
 If Thieves should steal a sack of grain
 They'd surely bring it back

At Johnsons you can get your name
 In letters any size
 It'll do the job so neat and plain
 It'll give you a surprise
 And when you want to go to mill
 You'll have to say no more
 Good bye to all my guests are gone
 Just as they were before

But here they are I found them all
 The name is on their plaques
 These things are worth their weight in gold
 In saving souls and grain

To Matthew Caldwell

Dear Friends, we meet together here
 On this your Natal Day
 To join you in your mirth and cheer
 And pass the time away
 Then let us lay our cares aside
 And children be again
 Forget the many years gone by
 Their sorrows and their pain

Yes for a Day let us forget
 The snow flakes on our hair
 Our weary limbs our tattered Bees
 All marks of toil and care
 Let us forget the many scenes
 Of sorrow we have passed
 Cold Hunger Thirst Exposure to
 The cold and stormy blast

Read at a Sabbath Party
 Of sickness Death and all the things
 That filled our eyes with tears
 In passing on our journey through
 These long and weary years
 Yes for a Day let all our cares
 And toil be laid away
 Let mirth and joy fill every heart
 On this your Natal Day

Your years gone by are sixty three
 Just three times Twenty one
 Thrice you have passed Majority
 And still your work is not done
 So may you live for many years
 And many Birth Days see
 And have more joy at Eighty Four
 Than you at Sixty Three

Fortune

Oh what could Fortune offer me
 That I would prize above
 The Blessings of a Happy Home
 With those I Dearly Love
 Whose sunny smile would chase away
 My sorrows Doubts and Fears
 And calm my sad and weary Heart
 And wipe away my Tears
 Whose gentle Voice of Melody
 Would drive away all Care
 And make a Paradise on Earth
 For me with them to share
 Oh such a Home would be to me
 A Resting Place on Earth
 From all the Sorrows and the Care
 To which each day gives Birth
 I would smooth my Pathway Down the Hill
 And light me through the Gloom
 In passing on my Journey To
 The Dark and silent Tomb

Friendship

We have been Friends to gather
 In sunshine and in Shade...

Since first we met in Eastern lands
 And Vows of Friendships made
 But coldness dwells within thy Heart
 A cloud is on thy Brow
 We Have been Friends together
 Why should we not be now

We Have been gay together
 Then wert thy happy Bride
 And joy shone on thy features
 When we were side by side
 But laughter now has fled thy lips
 A gloom is on thy Brow
 We Have been gay together
 Why should we not be now

We Have been sad together
 We've wept with bitter tears
 O'er the silent grave where slumbered
 Our hopes for future years
 Those voices now so silent
 Should bid thee clear thy Brow
 We Have been sad together
 But what should part us now

Back again

1882

Yes I have traveled back again
 To that old Cabin - Home
 Where I have spent so many years
 Before Dark Snow comes
 I've met my children and my friends
 Who were so dear to me
 And he who in those happy days
 I loved so tenderly

I've wandered through the orchard too
 I've stood within the Hall
 I've gazed upon the pictures there
 Upon the parlor wall
 I've marked each spot I knew so well
 In years long past away
 I've lived again those happy scenes
 Of yonter bright sunny day

The Lady's Pet

1882

He sits upon the store steps
 His cigarette to smoke
 And talk his silly nonsense
 And pass his vulgar joke
 He stares at every woman
 That passes through the door
 He whittles up the Botes
 He finds around the store
 He stands around the corners
 He saunters up the street
 To talk and to gossip
 With every one he meets
 He saunters in the parlor
 He takes the easy chair
 He flatters all the ladies
 And talks his nonsense there
 He whittles on the carpet
 And smokes his cigarette
 He does not deem it vulgar
 He is the ladies' Pet

The Last Rose in Autumn

There beautiful flower why comest thou hither
 When the cold wintry wind was abroad in the land

And the Frost on thy Petals will cause thee to shine,
 And fall from thy Stem by its withering Hand
 Oh No! do not leave thee by cold winds to Perish
 So fondly I'll pluck thee and Bear thee away,
 Thy Beauty and Fragrance so fondly I'll cherish
 Till Thy Beauty shall fade and Thy Fragrance Decay
 Then cut fast of thy Kener to my Cabin I'll Bear thee
 Thy Beauty shall fade in a Vase on the wall
 And while thou remainest thy presence shall cheer me
 And thy Fragrance shall float in my Bachelors Hall

Forty Years ago

1884

I'm sitting Here alone Dan
 In my old Cabin's Home
 And Visions of the years gone by
 Unbidden to me come
 And many Faces I behold
 Of Friends you used to know
 When we were Boys together Dan
 Just forty years ago

Things are not as they were then Dan
 Especially the girls
 They did not wear their Pin backs then
 Their switches Braids or curls
 Eight Homespun yards would make a Dress
 For those we used to know
 They spun and wove and made it then
 Just forty years ago

They took their Music Lessons then
 Upon the Spinning wheel
 And time was measured by the Sticks
 And Knots upon the Reel

They Learned to Dance by Housework then
 And Kneading up the Dough
 And Doing up the Kitchen work
 Just Forty years ago

They then were Fair and Healthy Dan
 And always looked so neat
 And when we met at Spelling School
 Oh How our Hearts would Beat
 For fear some other Fellow Dan
 Would Cut us out you know
 And leave us on the Door step
 Just Forty years ago

But many years have past since then
 No more such girls we find
 The girls we meet with now a days
 Are of a Different Kind
 They look more like a wasp than like
 The girls we used to know
 And take them Home from Spelling School
 Just Forty years ago

They now wear Braids and Suits
 And Pin backs Pads and Lace
 They Squeeze themselves so tightly
 They are Purple in the Face
 They Dance all night at parties
 And Flirt with every Beau
 And think it Low to work like those
 Of Forty years ago

To Rush Down to the Carport
 They get upon their Knees

They Burst their stays whenever
 They are obliged to surge
 They lounge upon the sofa
 (Ma Does the work you know
 It was not so with those dear girls
 Of Fifty years ago

Then Dear Perhaps it's better
 That we are growing old
 And soon with our companions
 Will gather to the fold
 For were ^{we} young and handsome
 How could we play the Beau
 There's not one left like those dear girls
 Of Fifty years ago

To Alice

In the silent grave we have laid her away
 So sweetly she slumbers beneath the cold clay
 But many a heart swells with sorrow and gloom
 When we think of the dear one who lies in the tomb

How sadly we'll miss her around the old home
 Where the children are waiting for mother to come
 No more to her bosom their forms will she press
 No more will they feel a fond mother's caress

Yet sadly we'll miss her when in the gay throng
 We mingle our voices in mirth and in song
 At meetings at parties, in parlors or hall
 We shall think of the dear one and tears deeps will fall

But God in his wisdom has called her away
 Then why should we murmur or wish her to stay

In this cold dreary world full of sorrow and pain
When we know that so long we shall meet her again

The Holidays

1889

The Holidays again have come
Another year has passed and gone
And in its tide has borne away
The friends I loved in childhood's day

When I was young and but a boy
These days I hailed with childish joy
But now they bring but sighs and tears
And toll away the passing years

And of the few that's left to me
One more is in eternity
They bring grey hair to me and show
The furrows deeper on my brow

They dim my sight my body bend
And warn me life is near its end
They rob me of my friends and home
And leave me friendless and alone

Children and Friends

Dear children and friends I must bid you adieu
For a short time I now must be absent from you
There are other dear friends who are looking for me
And I am quite anxious their faces to see

Those dear little children who love me so well
I shall think of them often wherever I dwell
And pray for their welfare wherever I roam
Until I shall return to the dear ones at home

on starting to Grand Valley
for the winter 1889

May God in His Mercy Preserve us I pray
 Until I shall Return in some new Future Day
 And keep us in safety till Life shall be o'er
 And we meet past the shadows to Part no more

To the Missionaries

Brothers Joseph and Albert we meet with you here
 'Tis perhaps the last time for a long weary year
 And we wish Him to say that when with you we Part
 You still will retain a warm place in each Heart

And although we with Pleasure shall bid you good Bye
 'Tis with sad Heavy Hearts and with Tears in our Eye
 And a Prayer to our Father to keep you from ill
 While you shall be absent your Mission to fill

At Morning and Evening Meetings we pray
 We shall ask Him to Bless you wherever you stray
 And keep you from sickness Temptation and pain
 Until you Return to your loved ones again

And while you are absent keep God for your Friend
 And ask Him to guide you your Cause to defend
 And keep you away from Temptation and sin
 And firm in the Cause you are laboring in

And when the time comes that your labor is done
 May you find many Sheaves that your labor has won
 And Return to your Home with children and Friends
 We shall meet you with Joy when your Pilgrimage Ends

To Joseph

Your Letter was Duly Received my Dear Boy
 And we all have Perused it with Pleasure and Joy

To Joseph & Johnson and Albert Garrison on departing in their mission

For it Beat us the Tidings you still have good Health
 And we hope I will Centuries is better than wealth
 Then there was the picture Oh what a surprise
 We have gazed on it fondly with tears in our eyes
 And I almost imagine its going to say
 Good morning to you Father How are you today
 I have shown it around to your friends one and all
 And now it hangs up in a frame on the wall
 And I've heard many kindly expressions today
 And some of them asked me to give it away
 But as long as I live I shall let it hang there
 With a few score of others I prize very dear
 It will be but a very short time till I go
 Then the children will share all my keepsakes you know
 Your children and Anna's will have all been
 I was spending last evening at Georges with them
 And Don and Cecilia was also there too
 And we often were thinking and talking of you
 All the rest of your friends about here are well
 But Anna with Frances has had a bad spell
 Of Diphtheria But now she is getting all right
 So he said in a letter I got Mother's night
 The winter has been very open till now
 I was thinking we soon should be starting the plow
 But its cloudy tonight and I think it will storm
 For the air out of doors is quite pleasant and warm
 From Emma and Mellicie I got not a word
 They had not reached home the last that I heard
 But I think when they come I shall go with them home
 For its lonely to wear out the winter alone
 But you will be here for I soon shall return
 For you know with my seeds I a living must earn
 And my mail will come to me wherever I be
 I shall look for your letters so write them to me

Answer to a letter which on his Mission East

There is nothing more now I can think of to write
 So will close up my letter and bid you good night
 With a Hope you may live to Return with much Joy
 When your Mission is finished God Bless you my Boy

When with our Friends we have to part
 When with our Friends we are forced to part
 Oh How it Rends the Dying Heart
 But when we know we Part Forever
 Oh How it makes the Heart strong & Sore

Then may we not a Hope maintain
 That we ere long shall meet again
 To spend the few years of our life
 Together free from toil and strife

With Friends and Children while we stay
 That we in peace may pass away
 Well knowing that our work is done
 And Crowns of glory we have won

Then give to me a word of cheer
 To comfort me while I am here
 That we may meet some future Day
 In lands that now are far away

To Sunday School

Oh come my little Playmates
 To Sunday school away
 To learn our little Lessons
 On this the Sabbath Day
 The sun is shining brightly
 The Dew is on the grass

Then let us off to Sunday School
 To join our little class
 Say Bye your Toys and Marbles
 Your Playthings put away
 And cease from play or labor
 On this the Sabbath Day
 We there shall meet our Playmate
 All Dressed so clean and neat
 And there our Loving Teachers
 With Happy faces ^{will} meet
 Then let us off to Sunday School
 And cease from work or play
 And try to be good children
 On this the Sabbath Day

The Old Man's Darling

1886

Would you be an old man's Darling
 Would you be his loving wife
 Would you smooth His lonely pathway
 Down the Turbid Stream of life
 Would you speak kind words of comfort
 Would you chase His cares away
 Would you try to love an old man
 Who is wrinkled old and grey
 Would you do this year an angel
 I have met along my way
 Who will fill my life with Sunshine
 Turn my Darkness into Day
 Who will drive away my sorrow
 Make my life a sunny dream
 While I'm passing through the Valley
 Down life's dark and turbid stream
 If your love is pure and faithful
 Till we pass beyond the grave

Would you be an Old mans Darling
Or a young mans Humble Slave

Gossiping (Gossiping)

Today I have been thinking over
The mischief Done in Gossiping
And think if I could Tell my Thoughts
Perhaps I would be a Blessing
For we are apt to make Remarks
That do not prove so Pleasant
About Imaginary Faults
Of those who are not present
And oftentimes an idle word
That we have rashly spoken
Has injured some Dear Friend of ours
And Ties of friendship Broken
I guess that Mister So and so
Is not what He should be
For I was told the other Day
That Him and Mrs. C
Were seen together at the Gate
At nine the other night
And that would indicate to me
That all things were not Right
And there is Mister Whats His name
Who used to be so poor
And now He's getting Rich so fast
He owns one half the store
And He has built him a new House
Owns other property
I guess His Riches Has not all
Been got by Honesty
I wonder if Miss So and so
Thinks people do not know

What she went to the City for
 With Mister So and So
 She tries to keep it all so still
 She thinks she's smart, no doubt
 But Every body knows it now
 The Gossips found it out
 Oh don't miss Jenkins hat on airs
 And try to cut a swell
 You'd think to see her on the street
 She Really was a Belle
 Of Twenty one But I am sure
 She's Fifty five or more
 I guess she aunts to catch a Bear
 A Fortune to secure
 It's very clear, that old man J
 Is after widow B
 And He expects she'll marry Him
 But that must never be
 They say He's got His Recommend
 I think it is a Shame
 That such a man should have a wife
 The Bishop is to Blame
 And then there is the widow B.
 Down on the other street
 I see the old man there to-day
 They say they often meet
 There must be something wrongy I'm sure
 Some body ought to see
 And see what Business He Has there
 And let the people know

98 I am sitting here
 I am sitting here a thinking
 And the Question comes to me

And I'd like to Have it answered now
 If such a thing can be
 'Tis a thing of great importance
 And the question it is this
 Is it any Bodys Business
 What another's Business is

Is it any bodys Business
 If a man should wish to wed
 And He calls upon a Lady
 With that Notion in His Head
 And the Lady is Quite willing
 To Except Him for a Beau
 Is it any bodys Business
 But their case I'd like to know

If a couple wish to Marry
 In the street or in the Hall
 And they call upon a Justice
 Both agreeing to it all
 And He says the Ceremony
 That will change the two to one
 Is it any bodys Business
 Please to Tell us But their own
 When you go up Town some morning
 You might Hear some Shocking Tale
 Of some Brothers or some Sisters
 Who Had proven weak or Faint
 Should you go about and tell it
 That the people all may know
 Or say not a word about it
 But I Hope it is not so

If a coal mine Has been opened
 And the owners all agreed
 On a price to sell the coal at
 To the Public you or me
 And the coal is turned and lying there
 All Ready to be sold
 Is it anybodys Business
 What the price is for the coal

Should the Bishop Take a Notion
 Now and then to Have His way
 Should we Rise and fight against him
 Or be passive and obey
 While we hold them in position
 Should He Lead us or be Led
 These are some of the great Questions
 That are Ruminating in my Head

There was a time when Joseph
 Gave the Saints a little Key
 And He said if they would heed it
 It would bring Prosperity
 It was simply Mind your Business
 It was called the Mormon Creed
 But Hes gone Perhaps its Better now
 His Council not to Heed

He was Nothing but a Jugg
 Of a busy Early Day
 With His precepts and his Councils
 We Have nearly Done away
 But the Question is before me
 Now to answer do not mind

Is it any bodys Business
What another Business is

If it is or if it is not
I would Really like to know
For I know that if it is not
There are some who make it so
For they gather on the corners
And they gossip Every where
Whether yours Business is my Business
Or whose Business it is

To David

Dear Friends we have gathered together to day
A Tribute of Love to our Brother to pay
Who will leave us Ere long for a far Distinct Land
To Preach to the Nations as Christ Did Command

Then let us all join and in unison pray
That God will Protect Him while He is away
And keep Him from Dangers, Temptation and Ill
While He shall be absent His Mission to fill

That the Spirit of God may attend him each Day
As a Lamp to his Feet that will show him the way
And Enlighten his mind against Error to fight
While He Preaches the Truth and contends for the Right

Now we say to you Brother be Faithful and true
And God will Protect you and see you safe through
He will Raise you up Friends if you trust to the arm
Who will shelter and Feed you and keep you from harm

This and the following were written for David Cheney
on starting on his mission

And in whatever country or land you may stray
 Your Friends Here will Ever Remember to pray
 For your safety Prosperity welfare and life
 Until you Return to Friends Children and wife
 And when you have finished your mission away
 May we all meet again Neith this Day or to day
 And may Joy Peace and Happiness Ever attend
 You while you are away is the wish of your Friends

To David

We have met you Here to night Brother D
 For we thought it would be Right Brother D
 Since it may be many a Day
 Ere we meet with you this way
 But we shall for you Pray Brother D
 That The Lord may be your guide Bro D
 And you may in him abide Bro D
 May you Have the gift of Speech
 To enable you to Teach
 And the word of god to Preach Bro D
 May you always meet with Friends Bro D
 Until your Mission Ends Bro D
 And when your work is Done
 May we meet Here Every one
 As we all this Day have Done Brother D
 But while you are away Brother D
 Do not Fail to watch and Pray Brother D
 That The Lord your mouth will fill
 And Preserve you From all Ill
 While you do His Holy will Brother D
 May you many converts gain Brother D
 While you abroad Shall Remain Brother D
 But when the time shall come
 To Return to Friends and Home
 May you know all is well Done Brother D

Retrospection

Before me the glass that my wrinkles doth show
 With Comb case and Wash Stand and Basin Below
 And above is a Mirror Enrased in a Band
 A Gift from my Daughters and made by Her Hand
 Near By is the Cupboard Truss made by Myself
 With all sorts of Dishes arrayed on each Shelf
 Some were gifts from my friends some were Bought at the store
 An odd lot you would say were you looking them o'er
 Then there is the tin ware arrayed on the wall
 The Bread board and Rolling pin Stone ware and all
 And the old Cooking Stone Stands below on the floor
 And the Bed in the corner Stands near the Shop Door
 At the foot is my Trunk which is full to the Brim
 With all sorts of Plunders all Roughly Stowed in
 Then there's two or three chairs I believe that is all
 That makes up the store of my Bachelors Hall.
 Should you chance to step in and look o'er the place
 You at once would Declare 'tis a shame and disgrace
 In a country where women so plenty are seen
 To live in a cabin so low and so mean
 There is filth and dirt scattered o'er the floor
 And an old Dirty Towel Hangs up on the Door
 And the Bed is not made and the Fire has gone out
 And the things in the Room are all scattered about
 Every Dish on the Cupboard is covered with Dust
 And the Knives Forks and Spoons are all furnished with ^(rust)
 you would think it Had passed through a Liable Squalor
 And Tumbled things Lopsy Jopsy in my Bachelors Hall
 Oh why am I Downed to endure such a life
 Oh where are those loved ones my children and wife
 And where are the friends of my youths Sunny Day
 Like the Dew in the Sun they have Vanished away

But those who have passed over the River of Time
 They are calling to me from a Happier clime
 Then why should I linger But answer their call
 And leave this cold world with my Bachelors Hall

Wishing

In trying to amuse myself
 A subject wise or witty
 I sometimes try to study up
 To form a little Ditty
 And is the catalogue at last
 By hunting and by fishing
 I've hit upon the very thing
 The Harmless one of wishing
 And if by chance I get my wish
 I'll better our condition
 And if I don't I'll do no harm
 For there's no harm in wishing
 I wish that people would be true
 And kind to one another
 And to each other truly be
 A sister or a brother
 I wish that Happiness and Love
 And every Human passion
 That has its origin above
 Would come and keep us such
 I wish that pride and Vanity
 And every low ambition
 Was banished from the Human Race
 And lowered to perdition
 I wish that people would not speak
 So ill of one another
 But always speak a gentle word
 For sister or for brother

I wish there was no thieves to steal
 Or Rob a Friend or Neighbor
 But always Spend their time I intend
 In doing Honest Labor
 I wish that all who are so fond
 Of other people Teaching
 Would take their own advice themselves
 And practice all their preaching
 I wish that people would not mind
 The Business of another
 Or spend their time to Vilefy
 And scandalize each other
 I wish that people who have wealth
 Would Help the poor and Needy
 Instead of Hoarding up their gold
 So covetous and Greedy
 I wish Religion could be worn
 On Saturday or Monday
 Or any week day just the same
 As it is worn on Sunday
 I wish that people would not tell
 So many Lies in Loading
 But tell the Honest Truth instead
 Of Lying and Degrading
 I wish that Liquor was not used
 By Drunkards who abuse it
 But only used as Medicine
 Or where we need to use it
 I wish Tobacco was not known
 To those who Smoke and Chew it
 They would be wiser better men
 And Richer if they knew it
 I wish young men would spend their time
 In doing Honest Labor

Distances of going around the street
 Disturbance every neighbor
 I wish that women would not try
 To follow every fashion
 And make themselves ridiculous
 By putting such Vill trash on
 I wish they'd wear their Henscombe bon
 That gave them Health and Beauty
 Long years ago the Fashions sales
 Had led them from their Duty
 I wish our wives were Honest - true
 Kind gentle True and Loving
 Descending Vill and Flattery
 Our Help meets truly proving
 I wish that Husbands would be True
 Kind gentle and forbearing
 To wives and children ever kind
 Their joys and sorrows sharing
 I wish that children would incline
 To study and to Learning
 Our good Examples profit left
 Our Bad Example spurning
 I wish we had just gold enough
 Obtained by Honest labor
 To satisfy our every want
 Our selves our Friend our Neighbor

Adieu

Go fill the glorious Mission that God has given thee
 On though we part in sorrow yet with Prosperity
 On thee may all the Blessings that Heaven can Bestow
 Report while on thy Journey of Pilgrimage below
 Go Bear with thee our Blessing and Prayers that thou mayest be
 Vindicated by the Pious through out thy Ministry

This was written for us
 President George Leavitt
 when he left us on being
 called to the Agency of the
 Twelve Apostles

Thy name shall be Remembered when in our silent prayer
 Each Evening and each morning with such protecting care
 Around thy heart Entailing may Happiness be found
 Secure from all Temptations may joy and Peace abound
 Dear friend may thou be Happy for many years to come
 Ere thou art called to leave it and find a better Home
 May the good Examples and Precepts thou hast given
 Live in our hearts to Help us to find our way to Heaven.

Is the Old Home Lonely

1883
 Children is the Old Home Lonely
 Since I've wandered far away
 Is my name sometimes Remembered
 When you Breathe the Name to Him
 When you gather Round the Fireside
 Is there then a Vacant Chair
 Do you think of Him that's absent
 With a wish that He was there
 When the Evening shadows gather
 And the Dayly Toil is o'er
 Do you listen for my Footsteps
 At the Dear old cottage Door
 Do you think of me at Evening
 When Retiring to your bed
 Do you ask of Him a Blessing
 On your wandering Father's Head
 Wandering o'er the Earth so dreary
 Without Home or Friends to love
 None more to mingle with you
 Till we meet in Heaven above

A Lonely Christmas

'Tis winter The snow is fast falling
 The Trees are all Bare of their leaves

The Beautiful Streams are all Frozen
 The Icicles Hang at The Eaves
 The Christmas Bells Merily Ringing
 Their Music and Mirth in the Air
 The Tables are Sumptuously Loaded
 With Dainties and Delicate Fare
 All Friendless and Homeless I wander
 Farther Pleasures to meet to enjoy
 With no one to share in my Exile
 Excepting my Brave Hearted Boy
 He Patiently Bears Cold and Hunger
 But his Bravery causes his Pain
 For I know that he thinks of his Mother
 And longs to be with Her again
 How sad is the change in my Fortune
 I once was Respected by all
 When the Holidays came there were Plenty
 To gather in Parlor and Hall
 And Plenty to sit Round my Table
 And plenty to Flatter and Smile
 For Feasting and Dancing were frequent
 And none were suspected of Guilt
 When Fortune Smiled Friends gathered Round me
 So Fringing and Loving and Kind
 But when Fortune frowned They all left me
 Like chaff in the warm summer wind
 But 'tis well for I now can Discover
 The Chaff has all gone with the wind
 But the few grains of wheat that are left
 Is left in the garner behind

Musing

The clock has struck the Hour of one
 And I am sitting here alone

The Busy world is fast asleep
 And visions o'er my fancy creep
 The years long past away I seem
 To live again in fancy's dream
 Again my childhood home I see
 I'm sitting by my mother's knee
 With father sister Brothers all
 Are gathered in the College Hall
 Again the fields I wander o'er
 And e'en the fragrant flowers are more
 And in the orchard watch the bee
 And live the scenes of infancy
 The vision changes year by year
 The Prophet Joseph's voice I hear
 Proclaiming to the world the news
 First to the Gentiles then the Jews
 That God again has set His hand
 To gather out from every land
 The poor in heart to do His will
 The latter day work to fulfill
 Ah what a scene now comes to view
 The Patriarch and Prophet too
 Within a Prison walls are cast
 And mobs disguised are gathering fast
 They charge and open burst the door
 & leave them weltering in their gore
 Ah what a sight now meets my gaze
 Their cherished temple in a blaze
 Their cities all in ruin lie
 And old and young are forced to fly
 Through summer sun and winter snow
 The women children all must go
 And leave their homes and wealth behind
 Far in the west a home to find

Their Food and Clothing scant each Day
 And many perish by the way
 A Brighter Scene I now behold
 Men women children young and old
 Are gathering in a Pleasant Land
 Far from the Spoilers cruel Hand
 In peace they dwell far from their foes
 The Desert Blossoms like the Rose
 Large Cities now appear to view
 And Churches Halls and Temples too
 With spreading Farms and Golden grain
 And Orchards scattered o'er the Plain
 With peace and Plenty Joy and Health
 And By Industry Stores of wealth.
 The Vision changes once again
 Their Foes have crossed the Desert Plain
 They've Reached this Peaceful Quiet Shore
 And now are in our midst once more
 They try our Leaders to annoy
 Our Farms and Peaceful Homes destroy
 To Rob us of our Fair Domain
 And Drive us from our Homes again
 Oh Lord where shall Thy People go
 To serve Thee in this wretched woe
 We still will trust Thy arms to guide
 For Thou wilt show us where to hide.

Paddle Your Own Canoe
 Now Boys as I am growing old
 And soon shall Pass away
 I wish to say a word to you
 To help you on your way
 The Lessons I have learned through life
 I wish to teach to you

That They may Help you when you Try
To Paddle your own Canoe

In starting out in Life my Boys
Let Truth your watchword be
Let Virtue Ever be your guide
And Bear you company
Let Haughtiness be cast away
And Pride and Envy too
And Lay Hypocrisy aside
And Paddle your own Canoe

Let Slandes never pass your Lips
Keep words of Censure in
Speak kindly to the Evening Star
You know not why they sin
For many a Craft is wrecked and lost
When sunlight peeps not through
In stormy kind words like sunlight help
To Paddle your own Canoe

Win many Friends though Fast but few
Guard well the words you say
For you will many a Friend find
In passing on your way
When words are spoken carelessly
They oft much mischief do
Speak kindly or speak not at all
But Paddle your own Canoe

Should you be called to give advice
Be Careful what you teach
Let it not lead to Gender Strife
But Practice what you preach

Suggested from a Life's Experience

Plain Simple Council kindly gives
 With chosen words and few
 Is better far than Flattery
 But Paddle your own canoe

Perhaps you say I did not heed
 The lessons I have taught
 'Tis very true and many times
 They dearly have been bought
 'Tis what Experience has taught
 Much good will bring to you
 If you will profit by my words
 And Paddle your own canoe

My 61st Birth Day

How swiftly glide the years away
 That bring about my Natat Day
 'Tis now they tally sixty one
 And I am almost left alone

The last so very short has been
 And yet what sorrow I have seen
 Of brightened hopes of friends untrue
 All vanished like the morning dew

In youth they passed so slowly by
 And now they almost seem to fly
 And with their tide they bear away
 The friends of youths bright sunny day

Till nearly all have passed away
 And left me wrinkled old and gray
 To linger till my turn shall come
 To meet them in a brighter home

Far away among the Mountains

Far away among the mountains
 Where the wild winds whistle free
 I have reared my lowly cabin
 For my little boy and me
 And we try to be contented
 With our lonely humble lot
 While we try to earn a living
 And to beautify our cot
 When we rise from bed each morning
 He a Breakfast will prepare
 For his four white Snowy Rabbits
 Which he feeds with constant care
 Then the chickens get their Rations
 And the two pigs in the pen
 And our good old Faithful Major
 Who our friend has always been
 Then our gentle yellow Ponies
 Must be fed and watered too
 When we rise from bed each morning
 This is what we have to do
 Then Maria calls to Breakfast
 We are ready, Him and me
 This will close the morning service
 For our little family
 Soon our Breakfast we have finished
 I must too the garden hoe
 While he harnesses the Horses
 To the Harrow or the plow
 Then I toil till I am weary
 For you know I'm not so spry
 And my limbs are not as supple
 As they were in years gone by

On commencing a new Home at Hunting for every estate all along Engt. Charly

But I cannot now be Idle
 The few years that now Remain
 Though my Heart is Full of sorrow
 And my Body Full of pain
 And I find myself oft musing
 O'er the changes of this life
 Once I thought myself so far gone
 I Had children Friends and all
 Friends! No No I never Had them
 Though that name they long have borne
 They have flattered me in Sunshine
 To Betray me in the storm
 They have fled away and left me
 A much sadder wiser man
 But I'll profit by the lesson
 And do all the good I can
 And perhaps the clouds that Darkly
 O'ershadow me to day
 May be lifted and the sunlight
 May again shine on my way
 For a Hope still whispers to me
 Ere I close this weary life
 I may still see Days of Sunshine
 With my children Friends and wife

A CUR

1884

It was late I Had only Retired to my bed
 And Visions of Slumbers just falling my Head
 A Rap on my Door Gave me who can't be
 A soft woman's Voice as there speaking to me

Come arise from thy slumbers and greet me I find
 Where sorrow and sorrow thy sorrows attend

Where life may be saved by thy hands of goodness
 For this I have wandered to seek for you here

Ah me must I go it is far far away
 I am weary and worn with the toils of the day
 They are strangers that call yet perhaps it may be
 A service no other can render but me

All the sorrows a heart can endure I have borne
 In sickness and sorrow deserted forlorn
 I have suffered the pangs of thirst hunger and cold
 Deserted by all whom I'm feeble and old

It has taught me a lesson which life shall remain
 I will stand by the bedside of sorrow and pain
 And the calls of Humanity ever shall be
 In sickness and sorrow attended by me

I will go and God grant a service may find
 To those who are needing in sorrow a friend
 For I've learned that a friend is more precious than gold
 And so rare that their value can never be told

Castle Valley 1883

Good Friends and Neighbors Everywhere
 Who want a New Location

I'll tell you of the best place
 There is no other

Where you can make a pleasant home
 Amongst good honest neighbors

In peace and happiness enjoy
 The fruits of all your labors

Then come my Boys who want a farm around the standard
 And bring your wives and children to build up Castle Valley

Where land is plenty water too
 To use wherever you wish to
 And in the mountains lots of wood
 The streams are full of fish too
 Theres timber on the mountain side
 For Building and for Fencing
 To Build the Bridges Make the Roads
 Lot now are just commencing
 Chorus

It's not away in Mexico
 With Spaniards for your neighbors
 For Arizonas Sultry Climate
 To swelter while you labor
 For Colorado where the snow
 Fills every fork and alley
 But Here is whatevs pleasant Vales
 Bright Sunny Castle Valley
 Chorus

This Country must be all improved
 And that you may rely on
 Then come and lend a helping hand
 To Build this part of Zion
 Then if you want a home come on
 There is no time to dally
 The settlers just are coming in
 To Build up Castle Valley
 Chorus

My collection of Photos

The Faces on the Wall
 They are looking down upon me
 Those Dear Faces on the wall
 They are Friends I long have cherished
 Dearly loved them one and all
 They have gone away and left me
 Almost friendless and alone

Some are wandering over the country
Some to Foreign Parts have gone

Some are lying in the churchyard
With the cold and silent clay
Yet they seem to smile upon me
As I gaze on them to day
There my Mother speak it gently
She was very Dear to me
There my Brothers and my Sisters
Whom I never more may see

There my wives Oh How I loved them
Back Oh Back the starting years
They have gone away and left me
And am sad and lonely here
There my children Oh How sadly
Are my Thoughts of them to day
Some are lying in the churchyard
Some have wandered far away

Yet a few still linger near me
On my Pathway shedding light
But our little Band is drifting
Slowly drifting out of sight
There are Friends I've fondly cherished
When this life was in its bloom
Some are scattered over the country
Some are resting in the tomb

Yet they seem to smile upon me
From their perch upon the wall
And the tears are coursing downward
As their names I now recall

And my Heart is sad and Heavy
 As their Faces now appear
 And I almost feel their presence
 And their voices seem to hear

But those Bright and Sunny Faces
 Who were once so kind and true
 They are leaving me and drifting
 Slowly drifting from my view

July 31st 1851

^{as written}
 (July 31st 1884)

Oh yes my Boy this is a Day
 That I Remember all
 And shall on each succeeding year
 That I on Earth shall dwell
 For on this Day Long years ago
 The years were thirty three
 Long we had traveled on the plains
 My children wives and me
 Long Long the way o'er sandy plains
 With neither feed or wood
 And often did we almost faint
 For water and for food
 But on this Day at Noon we Reached
 A clear and running Stream
 And on its Borders all along
 The Grass was growing green
 Long here where white man never fed
 To me was born a Son
 While we were on the Desert Plains
 In Eighteen Fifty one

A Dream

In the midst of my slumber I Dreamed a strange Dream
And it Puzzled my Brain to know what it did mean
For it seemed a sad picture of such things can be
Under Liberty's Banner, the Land of the Free

It seemed that a Law had been recently made
That a Tax on Polygamists' Hevels should be laid
And in order to make them all glad to marry
The Tax was too large for a poor man to carry

The Polygamists grumbled they said 'Twas no use
Laws unlawful unjust it was Herod about
To submit to such laws they would never be willing
And unless they were forced to they would not pay a shilling

The Rulers determined their scheme to pursue
Sent Lawyers and Marshalls and Judges to sue
And to line all their pockets sent plenty of cash
Polygamy now must go down with a crash

They started in Business arrested a few
They tried them and fined and imprisoned them too
But they stoutly declared they would never marry
Although in the Prison they forced them to lobby

So they tried a few more but with no better luck
For they found the Polygamists' Brains full of Pluck
They would stay there in Prison the Rest of their lives
Before they'd abandon their Children and wives

So they kept up the scheme till the Prison was filled
And once in a while one was shot down and killed

But what did they care for their poor worthless lives
When they would not abandon their children and wives

So they tried and acquitted the shooter at once
To shoot down another when they got a chance
But they felt quite unsettled what next they should do
For they found every one to their families true

And although they would offer free Pardon to such
Not one would acknowledge He was married too much
So they counselled to try to find some little flaw
To make it appear all had broken the Law

So that Congress would send out the troops here in haste
To kill off the Mormons the country lay waste
To give them a chance to inherit the spoil
That the Mormons had gained by their labor and toil

Now this is my Dream I have told it to you
In a land famed for Liberty even it be true
Or am I still Dreaming ere long to awake
To find that my Dreaming was all a mistake

The Bachelors Hall

Ye Port may sing of the trials and troubles
Of the man who must live with a cross settling wife
And children who make the house look like a stable
And always in mischief to worry his life

It is nothing compared to the man who has neither
And lives all alone in his Bachelors Hall
When he comes home at night - there no light in the window
And no one to greet him or come at his call

He enters his cabin 10 over chairs Stumble
 He seeks for the Mallets in Darkness and gloom
 They are not to be found so He sware and He grumbles
 And wanders around in the Dark Silent Room

At last a light kindled to satisfy Nature
 He goes to the cupboard for something to eat
 A few crusts of Bread and a few cold Potatoes
 And Perhaps in the corner some scraps of cold meat

They soon are Brought out on an old Dirty Table
 With Dishes as Dirty as Dirty can be
 He sits Himself Down but to eat He's not able
 His appetite leaves Nothing there He can see

Then tired and faint to the Bedside He glances
 It is just as He left it the morning before
 He puts out the light and to it advances
 Gets under the cover and Days work is over

But the night is before Him to think of his sorrow
 Alone and uncared for In Darkness and Drear
 His slumbers are Broken and when in the morning
 He Rises He almost could wish himself Dead

Then give me a wife though she scold me and yet me
 And give me my children their mischief and all
 And give me my friends though they often disagree
 And Take from my sight the old Bucklers Hall

To sister

Dear sister Lis true I have not seen thy face
 But to say that I love thee I feel no Disgrace

For Christ Has Commanded to Love one another
So I surely may give thee the Love of a Brother

Thy Heart Long ago Like a Book I have Read
Thou Hast sheltered the Saints thou hast given them Bread
Thou hast opened Thy Door to the Servants of God
While they were Proclaiming Salvation abroad

Now these are the words of the Saviour to thee
If thou Hast Done it ~~With~~ them thou Hast Done it to me
Thy Deeds I have known they have given me Joy
In a Land far away thou hast sheltered my Boy

Thou Hast Friends Here in Zion who ever will Pray
That God in His mercy will open the way
That thou mayst be gathered with us and a Home
Your Friends Here in Utah desire thee to come

Yes come to the Land where the House of the Lord
Is opened to those who Have Lived by His word
May Peace and Contentment and Joy without End
Be thine while you live in the will of your Friend

Childhood Again

It is said that Fate Has so Deceed
That when our Lives shall wane
And we have gained a Ripe old age
That childhood comes again

A Happy change if it will blot
The years that Lie Between
And give me back my childhood Days
As innocent as then

And Drive forever from my mind
 The sorrow and the pain
 And all the Cures and Ills of life
 And Banish Every stain

That lies Between Those Childhood days
 That Memory Brings to me
 When in that Dear old cottage Home
 Beside my Mothers Knee

If this can be Let Childhood come
 I Hail the change with joy
 To live again those Happy scenes
 As when I was a Boy

But if those years must still Remain
 When blackhoods years are o'er
 Then lay me calmly in the grave
 Where sorrow comes no more

Why Did She Leave Me

Why did She leave me we Long were together
 Sharing the joys and the sorrows of life
 Never assunder in Fair or foul weather
 She was my idol my own cherished wife
 When we first met she was young and bright hearted
 I was in manhood brave hearted and bold
 Never a thought we could ever be parted
 Why did she leave me because I am old

Many long years we have toiled on together
 Age has come on and our childhood is past
 Children around us and grand children gathering
 Wrinkles are deep on my forehead at last

Now the few years that Remain I must wander
 Sad and alone through the Heat and the cold
 Often in Twilight I silently ponder
 Why Did she leave me Because I am old

When in Her youth we were Happy together
 Fair as the Lily and Pure as the Snow
 Pride and Base Flattery caused us to sever
 Now I must wander in Snow and ice
 Dark are the clouds that around me now hover
 While I Remain in this life Dark and cold
 Soon will the grave all my loneliness cover
 Why Did she leave me Because I am old

Poetic

Yes when I have time I sometimes write a verse
 For this is a Pleasure to me
 And if I please others our Sisters and Brothers
 I don't see what Harm there can be
 But if I am a Poet I'm sure I don't know it
 Although Flatterers say it so
 But in sending my name I shall Harbor no Blame
 Although in the waste Basket it go

Yet Longfellow shows He's No Patient with Those
 Who By inspiration make Rhyme
 But I do not agree with such fellows you see
 It has Helped me yes many a Time
 So my name I will send as I would to a Friend
 With a Hope it some service may be
 But if not I will ask it Be Struck in the Basket
 With others as Foolish as me

This was written in answer to a call for all poets
 to send in their names to form a Society of
 Organist a Club.

To Laura on the Death of Her Uncle
 'Tis Hard to Part with those Dear Friends
 Who were loved and cherished Here
 To lay them in the cold cold ground
 How Bitter is the Sorrow
 But when we think How short the Time
 Our weary Life is o'er
 Then we shall meet with those we love
 To dwell forevermore

Oh may this be a Star of Hope
 To help you Bear the Pain
 And Soothe the anguish of your Heart
 To know you'll meet again
 Oh what a Joy will then be yours
 On that Bright Sunny Shore
 Where Death and Sorrow cannot come
 And Parting is no more

To John West

Dear Friends once again we have met Here together
 A tribute of friendship to offer our Brothers
 Who with many others is called to go forth
 To Help in the Suffering Mission on Earth
 Then let us Remember their names when we pray
 That God will protect them while they are away
 And keep them from Sorrow Temptation and pain
 Until they shall Return back to Zion again
 And now my Dear Brothers to thee we will say
 Be Faithful and true and forget not to pray
 And put Trust in the Lord He will ever be nigh
 To keep you from evil your wants to supply

To John West on Starting on his Mission

And altho the dark clouds may be thick on your way
 Remember that God is your Help and your stay
 He will Raise you up friends He will keep you from harm
 If you ask him in faith and will Trust to His arm

We all shall Remember you oft in our Prayers
 And ask Him to shield you from Dangers and Snares
 And keep you from sickness and sorrow and pain
 Till you shall Return to your Kindred again

And when the time comes that your Mission is Done
 May you find many souls that your labors have won
 And Return to your friends Brothers sisters and Mother
 'Tis the wish of your friends God Bless you our Brother

SWEET DESERT (June-20 years ago)

Sweet Desert our Mountain Home

We Hold thy Memory Dear

Thy Birth Day we will Celebrate

On each succeeding year

We Love thy Mountains and thy Hills

Over which the Swings Roam

We Love thy Vallies and thy Plains

Our Lovely Mountain Home

It is just 20 years to Day

Our Banner was unfurled

On every Peak our Loyalty

To Show to all the world

A little Band of Pioneers

Had over the Desert come

And found the Place God Had Prepared

Our lovely Mountain Home

Recd on Pioneer Day 1887

Among The Rugged Snow capped Hills
 These Fertile Vallies Lay
 Reserved to gather up the Saints
 In this the latter Day
 Now saints from every land and clime
 Have to these Vallies come
 To Build up Zion and to share
 Our lovely Mountain Home

The Twenty fourth Day of July
 We celebrate with cheers
 In memory of those Valiant men
 The Noble Pioneers
 Who with their wives and children too
 Our Desert Plains did come
 Until they Reached this pleasant land
 Our lovely Mountain Home

And Here They Raised the Banner High
 The Stripes and Stars so Dear
 And Here They sent up shouts of joy
 To God who led them Here
 Since then Has Thousands gathered here
 From every land they come
 To dwell with saints of God and share
 Our lovely Mountain Home

And Happy Homes are scattered now
 Over Valley plains and Hill
 And Temples have been Reared to God
 That let our Saviour His will
 Where once the Savage used to dwell
 And wild Beasts used to roam

The saints Have made a paradise
A lonely Mountain Home

And as the years shall come and go
While we shall dwell on Earth
Still may we celebrate the Day
That gave our Home a Birth
And may our children yet unborn
For many years to come
Remember those Brave Pioneers
Who found our Mountain Home

Stars and stripes (in Indian)

Yes when we are courting the Ladies they try
To appear pure and bright as the stars in the sky,
But it sometimes occurs when we breathe them a wife
That we find many dark maddy stripes in their life

Then we find before marriage like stars they appear
But we find the stripes later which sometimes costs dear
So is true of some ladies the stars are they well
But stripes after marriage are blue white and red

My Lot -

My lot is cast with those who lead
The humble walks of life with feet
That oft are weary Begging Bread
And blistered with the dust and heat
I am proud of them whose life
Is but a dream of joy untold
Who are free from want and care and strife
And all they touch soon turns to gold
But all the story of my years
Is but a tale of sighs and tears

Answers to a last query. by a
Andy - Stars & stripes for the judges
(Stars before marriage
After)

Why is it so can it be true
 That Fortune is a Fickle jade
 And Has Her Pets, on whom to strew
 Her favours and Her smiles unstayed
 And frowns on others as they pass
 And scatters Sorrow want and woe
 And Leaves no sunshine in their path
 Through this Dark life on Earth Below
 For all the story of my years
 Is but a Tale of sighs and fears
 It may be when this life is over
 To us a Happy change may come
 When we Have Reached the other shore
 Perhaps we'll find a better Home
 And find the Trials Here below
 Our Little Faults Have chased away
 And those whose life was only joy
 Still have those little Debts to pay
 Then all the story of my years
 Will not be mixed with sighs and fears

I Have Friends among the children
 I have Friends among the children
 And I often see them Here
 Their Merry Hearts and winsome ways
 Bring to my Heart good cheer
 They scatter Rays of sunshine
 Around my Lonely Home
 And makes my Heart feel lighter
 I am glad to see them come
 Their peels of merry laughter
 Their shouts of joyous mirth

They make my lonely cabin
 A Brighter spot on Earth
 But when I am in my Cabin
 Deserted and alone
 My thoughts will wander backwards
 To scenes I my Past and Gene

To scenes of Pain and sorrow
 Too Dark for words to tell
 When cruelly deserted
 By those I loved so well
 By those whom I had trusted
 And cherished many years
 They have left me in my sorrow
 To waste my life in tears

To Manti (Nov 18 1879)

The time has now arrived
 For us to haste away
 As winter is approaching
 No longer let delay
 Lest storms upon the mountains
 Should meet us on the way
 As we go over to Manti
 We there shall meet our friends
 In the Temple of the Lord
 And for our Dead and living Friends
 Ever work with one accord
 And there receive the ordinances
 According to His word
 When we get over to Manti
 So Peter, Hitch, your team up
 For you must take the lead

A Half a Dozen others now
 Are Ready to Proceed
 For the fatigues of the Season
 Will Require a little Speed
 As we go over to Manti'
 So now we Have got started
 And are Ready on our way
 We are Ten miles up the Cañon
 It's the Middle of the Day
 We feed our Teams and Lunch ourselves
 But must not long Delay
 As we go over to Manti'
 About Fifteen miles farther
 We Halted for the night
 The snow was gently falling
 The Stars Had hid their Light
 But where we spread our Blankets
 The Fire was Burning Bright
 As we went over to Manti'
 The next Day over the Mountains
 We traveled through the snow
 While Baiting at the Coal beds
 The chilly wind did Blow
 But still we traveled onwards
 To the Valley Down below
 As we went over to Manti'
 There here we separated
 I went to Mountain Green
 To visit with my Children
 For years I had not seen
 Two Days we tarried with them
 A Happy Time I ween
 As we went over to Manti'

We then Resumed our Journey
 To Ephraim there to find
 Our Company awaiting us
 Whom they had left behind
 With other Friends who proved to be
 So gentle and so kind

As we went over to Manti'
 One Sabbath Day we longed
 Their Kindness let each share
 And then away to Manti'
 We quickly did repair
 And soon within the Temple
 We gained admission there

When we got over to Manti'
 Two Happy Days we lingered
 In the Temple of the Lord
 To work for Friends and Kindred
 And listen to His word
 And then our Faces homeward
 We turned with one accord

When we went over to Manti'
 There we Hasted on our Journey
 Lest Storms upon the way
 Should meet us in the Mountains
 And cause us much Delay
 But Fortune seemed to favor us
 And kept the Storms at Bay

As we came Home from Manti'
 There are the snow capped Mountains
 We traveled on with speed,
 And down the rugged curriers
 With ease, in the fall
 We reached our Homes as softly
 And glad was our end
 When we got Home from Manti'

The Relief Society

You have asked me to meet with you all Here to day
And of course you Expect I'll Have something to say
But I cannot tell what you're Expecting of me
So I'll say a few words of your Society

When our Numbers were few in the years past away
All the world was against us in that Early Day
There were lords and fatherless Needy and Poor
And the Sick and afflicted were near to our Door

It was then to the Sisters the Prophet made known
There was work in the Kingdom for them Every one
They should visit the Sick they should cheer up the Sore
They should comfort the sorrowing make their Hearts glad

They should clothe up the Naked the Hungry should feed
And should comfort the Sorrowing wherever they need
This mission He gave to the Sisters and said
That the Blessings of Heaven should fall on their Head

If Honest and Faithful and true They would be
And this is the Female Relief Society
Now Sisters be Faithful His words will be true
And great is the Mission Entrusted to you

And great are the Blessings and ^{great} sure the Reward
The Prophet has said it and sure is His word

It is now Fifty years since this Mission He gave
He is now lying low in the cold silent grave
Yet His Spirit has ever a guide been to you
Since March Seventeenth Eighteen Forty Two

So it ever will be while the Kingdom remains
Your sacrifice has been to the Father's Name

The organization of the Relief Society 1842

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Rec'd at the 50th Anniversary

My 60th Birth Day

How swiftly Do the years go By
 And Bear us down the stream
 As age comes on they seem to fly
 And Vanish Like a Dream
 It seems to me but yesterday
 When Friends were gathered Here
 To celebrate my Natal Day
 My lonely Heart to cheer
 And now again the Day Has come
 And tells me one year more
 Has past away I'm sixty six
 I'm hurrying to the shock
 And may I calmly pass away
 When that Dread Hour shall come
 Prepared to meet my Early Friends
 In our Eternal Home
 And may I hear those cheering words
 Thy Mission is well done
 And thou hast gained with all thy Friends
 In Heaven a happy Home

A sentiment (By A Colored)

My Sentiments are that while we are Here
 We be of good cheer And Have Plenty of Beer
 With Friends that are Dear But always keep clear
 As the sky in a Bright sunny Day (A Colored)

Reply (By A Colored)

Your sentiments are good I see
 But are not quite enough for me
 For you have only asked for Beer
 To make us happy while we're Here
 I'd like to hear a joke or song
 A little speech if not too long

This was on the programme
 July 24th 1884

A Little Dance to Music Sweet
 And Then Retire to Drink and Eat
 The Sisters then (God Bless them all)
 Will Hunt Their Baskets Great and Small
 And soon the puddings, cakes and pies
 Appear and Vanish with our Eyes
 And then the Beer will welcome be
 These are my sentiments you see

A Toast (By W. J.)

to the Seventies the Hunters and Fishers of this last
 Dispensation. May they get plenty of game and
 May their Nets like Peters of old be Full to overflowing
 Geo W Johnson

Will They Miss me

I am growing old and feeble
 And this life is nearly over
 And I soon shall cross the River
 To that Bright and sunny shore
 And I often ponder over
 All the years of life that I have
 And the Question oft arises
 Will they miss me when I am gone

Yes they'll miss me from the office
 When their children may be ill
 And they want some sample Remedy
 To save a Doctors Bill
 They will miss me from the Lin Shop
 When their Lins begin to fail
 And they need the water boiling
 From their Kettles pans and Pails

They will miss me from the anvil
 When their Tools shall need Repair

And they find no one to mend them
 They will also miss me there
 They will miss me from the office
 When they want some Printing done
 And they find no one amongst them
 That has learned the Press to Run

They will miss me from the work shop
 When they want Hives for their Bees
 That have swarmed and have collected
 On the Branches of the Trees
 They will miss me from the Seed Room
 When they're wanting Seeds to plant
 And they want Pins for the Seed walls
 And the Cuck is getting scant

They will miss me on the Program
 When they want each Holiday
 And they want a Recitation
 Of the years long past away
 They will miss me in the Evening
 When they read one hour or two
 To listen to my Reading
 Or to see the Magic Show

They will miss me yes the Children
 When they come to visit me
 They feel sad and lonely
 When they find no more they see
 They will miss me all will miss me
 Some for good and some for ill
 But they all will soon forget me
 When they lay me on the Hill

The Pioneers

God Bless those Hardy Pioneers
 Who Banished from Their Homes
 Were Led by His Directing Hand
 To over the Desert come
 Until they Reached this chosen Land
 Where whiter mans Foot has Trod
 These Fertile Vallies in the Hills
 Where they could worship God
 God Bless our Mothers and our Sires
 Who for so many years
 Have Toiled to Build His Kingdom up
 Through sorrow and through Tears
 The most Have worn Their Bodies out -
 And Resting By the way
 Until He calls His Martyrs up
 In that great coming Day
 Then let us still Praise the Day
 On which the Pioneers
 Arrived within These Vallies where
 They've Toiled so many years

Read at celebration of 24 July

June 13th 1881

Just thirty years ago to day
 I left my Eastern Home
 With wives and children and with friends
 Our Desert lands to roam
 Thus then I left my Mother Dear
 Her Fare to see no more
 My Brothers Sisters and my Friends
 So Dear, in Days of yore
 I Bids adieu to all that Day
 And started for the west

To seek a Home far over the plains
 Where white man's foot has not
 Where free from turmoil and from strife
 From mobs and tyrants' reign
 I left my friends and home so dear
 And started over the plain
 I took my wife to share my fate
 I took my children three
 To seek a Home in western lands
 They bore me company
 Six weeks we traveled on the plains
 In heading the Elk Horn
 When in the Valley of the Platte
 Another child was born
 Three months upon the plains we sojourned
 To reach the Mountain Dell
 And then the hardships we endured
 No human tongue can tell
 These thirty years how changed the scene
 The young have all grown old
 The old who have not passed away
 Their fate will soon be told
 The desert where the wild beast fed
 Now blossoms like the rose
 And where the Red Man roamed the plains
 We dwell in sweet repose
 The waving grain the tree the vine
 That now adorn the land
 All show to us we have been led
 By the almighty hand

The Fort and Temple

Throned upon old Pill Shy Fama is spread
 From land to land from sea to sea

Where ere the Gospel Light is shed
The saints have heard or read of Thee

How oft in childhoods Happy Hours
Ere Thy Foundation stone was laid.
Where Thou art Reared with Dove and Tower
Upon that very spot I've played

But Joseph spake the work began
And soon Thy Tower an' High was Rased
There God again commended with man
There we have oft His name Reversed

How oft within Thy walls we've Heared
The meek and Lowly Prophets Voice
And as we listened to His word
Oh How it made our Hearts Rejoice

How oft within Thy walls we've met
To serve the Lord in praise and Prayer
And as we worshiped at His feet
How oft we've felt His Presence there

But Strangers Pass its Portals Now
Yet oft my Thoughts will wander there
So where the Prophet oft Did Bow
Beneath Thy Roof in Humble Prayer

Joseph Smith the Prophet

You ask of me to sing a Song
I fear I cannot do it
For I should very likely fail
Before I'd half get through it

Suggested by Recollections of the past

You ask me then to tell a yarn
 Well now I will Begin it
 But when I'm Done I fear you'll say
 I'm sure there's nothing in it

A Subject I must study up
 To make a story of it
 I think I'll take our Early Days
 And Joseph Smith the Prophet

He was a man of sterling worth
 And true to friend and Brother
 And always taught us to be true
 And kind to one another

He told us that Pride and Haughtiness
 And Vainity were evil
 And all who would indulge in them
 Were Prompted by the Devil

He told us Fashion led astray
 And saints should know true it
 That God Had made us in His Form
 And man could not improve it

He taught us to Refrain From sin
 And Practice good Behaviors
 And Imitate the Pattern of
 Our Lord and lovely Saviour

My Sixty Seventh Birth Day
 How swift the years pass out of sight
 And Bear us down the stream

Read at Y. M. M. S. A. 1880

As speedy as the arrows flight
 And leaves us but a dream
 My Natal Day again has come
 And I am sixty seven
 How fast I'm nearing to my home
 To meet my friends in Heaven

Then grant Oh God that I may live
 My Mission to fulfill
 And fit myself to meet my friends
 And in Thy presence dwell
 And when my time shall come to go
 May all my work be done
 Then may I calmly pass away
 To meet my friends above gone

A Sentiment July 4th 1887

you ask of me a sentiment
 Well now you have me caught
 I've looked the Dictionary over
 And find it is a thought
 Well I have plenty of them sure
 But cannot them express
 When I get up before a crowd
 To make a short address
 But I will try to think a thought
 And tell it here today
 And if it does not please you all
 Just throw that thought away
 One hundred fifteen years ago
 God made this Nation free
 And on the Fourth Day of July
 Proclaimed their Liberty

Read at the celebration of Independence Day
 1887

This Great and glorious work was Done
 By His Directing Hand
 To carry out His glorious work
 On this His Chosen Land
 Then let us all with Happy Hearts
 Join in the Merry Shout
 To celebrate this glorious Day
 With Praises Dance and Song
 And may we have a Happy Time
 While we together sing
 And may no jar or discord come
 This Independence Day

BOYHOOD

I am Thinking I am Thinking
 Of the years long past away
 Of my Bright and Sunny Boyhood
 When my Heart was young and gay
 Of my Father and my Mother
 Of my Brothers Sisters all
 And the Times we used to gather
 In that Dear old College Hall

I am thinking I am thinking
 When the Holidays would come
 How we gathered round the Table
 At the Dear old College Home
 Of the Pies and cakes and puddings
 Of the Geese and Turkeys too
 That would come from the Brick oven
 In the Kitchen Down below

I am Thinking I am Thinking
 Of the Rousing Kitchen Fire

And the Spare Rib Near it Roasting
 Swinging Round upon a wire
 Of the Apples and the Cider
 That was warming on the Hearth
 And the Merry peals of laughter
 And the Happy Joyous Mirth

I am Thinking I am Thinking
 Of the Casky Toys and all
 That was used to fill our stockings
 That were hanging on the wall
 When they told us that old Santa Claus
 Would Down the Chimney creep
 With his things to fill our stockings
 When we all were fast asleep

I am Thinking I am Thinking
 Of the scenes long past away
 And those Happy scenes still linger
 Of my Boyhood's Early Day
 Though the scenes of Joy and Sorrow
 And life's changes all may be
 Long forgotten yet my Boyhood
 Will be ever Dear to me

I am Thinking I am Thinking
 Of the snow flakes on my hair
 Of my Brow by age well furrowed
 With the marks of toil and care
 Of my feeble limbs that tell me
 That my work is nearly done
 I am waiting, I am waiting
 For the setting of the Sun

The Queen of the May

Dear Friends and Companions I'm Happy to meet you
With thanks for your kindness and favours I greet you
And hope we may all spend a happy May Day
As I shall in being the Queen of the May

There may no contention or discord be near
To mar our enjoyment while we remain here
And may we be happy while here we shall stay
Tis the wish of your servant the Queen of the May
Sincere

I am Waiting

I am waiting at the threshold
I am weary faint and sore
I am waiting at the threshold
For the opening of the door
I am waiting at the threshold
Till the Master Bids me come
To the glory that awaits me
In that bright and happy home

Oh the weary way I've travelled
Has been filled with toil and strife
Bearing many a weary burden
Through this dark and stormy life
But the morning now is breaking
And my toil will soon be o'er
I am waiting at the threshold
For the opening of the door

Many friends who started with me
Through this dark and stormy life
One by one have crossed the threshold
And are free from toil and strife

And I almost Hear The Voices
 Of The Friends whose gone before
 I am waiting at The Threshold
 For the opening of the Door

Oh How gladly will they greet me
 When my weary Toil is o'er
 And I've past beyond The River
 To that Bright and Happy Shore
 I have Borne a weary Burden
 Through this life of Toil and sin
 I am waiting at the Threshold
 Till the Master fits me in.

Love
 Patter Patter Little Feet
 How I Love Their Music sweet
 In my arms I often fold
 Little one two years old
 Little Dimples on Her cheek
 Not a word She tries to speak
 To my Heart it love to press
 Little Corn Motherless
 Quiet as a Little Mouse
 She is Mistress of the House
 And we Fully understand
 By the movement of Her hand
 When She wants Her Little Nap
 She will climb on Grandmas lap
 Then Her coal Black Eyes will close
 Soon She's fast in sweet Repose
 May She be as pure and good
 All the way to womanhood
 May all Blessings Earth can give
 Rest upon Her while she lives.

Autograph Volume

Dear Friends who have kind thoughts of me
 To express them should you feel inclined
 In this Book there's a page where youth or old age
 May jot down what may be in their mind
 A poem inspired by the Muse
 That comes from the depth of the heart
 A verse or a lay that your thoughts will convey
 To your friends, your true feeling impart
 It will give much pleasure to read
 In the years that may chance to be mine
 A token thus preserved by a dear loving friend
 As I jot down life's sad decline

Dear Friend upon these pages white
 There is a place for you to write
 In future years may I not find
 Thy name beside some thought of thine

Dear Friend these pages now so fair
 Will soon be written here and there
 Amongst the rest whose names I see
 May I not find one thought from thee

As down the stream of life you glide
 May friends be near on every side
 May sunlight on thy pathway shine
 And every joy of earth be thine

May the sunshine of life on your pathway be bright
 And your heart by good actions be happy and light
 Until crowned with old age you shall sit down to rest
 Well knowing that all has been done for the best

These are a few of the scraps I have written in an autograph volume. I have not kept a copy by my friends but most of them I have lost by not keeping a copy

Dear girl be wise in choosing friends
 Be certain they are true
 For when adversity shall come
 They'll vanish like the dew
 Soft words that fall from flattery lips
 Will bring but misery.
 Who kindly tells ~~the~~ of ~~the~~ faults
 Is but a friend to thee

Be true to yourself is a sentence oft spoken
 It is written in prose it is found in song
 There is much of true wisdom contained in the sentence
 If you are true to yourself you will never be wrong
 Then may you be guided by this little sentence
 And never discord it for passion or puff.
 For as on life's journey you pass you will find it.
 The Best of all Councils "Be True to yourself"

Dear Friend when I in future years
 Peruse this Book of mine
 May I not find thy Name inscribed
 Beneath some thought of Thine
 Should fate our paths in life divide
 That we should meet no more.
 How sweet should be to think of Friends
 We knew in Days of Yore

May Peace Contentment Joy and Love
 And Every Blessing from above
 Repose within the humble cot
 You call your Home where the spot

These Leaves so white on which I write
 Of Life are Emblem True
 Let no foul Best or Formed Spot
 Be Found when written through

Who would ever think a little Miss
 Would send to me a Book like this
 Unless she wished to Have a Laugh
 To see my Fanny Autograph
 But never mind my wish Perhaps
 As fast as good as younger Chaps
 Who talk and write their flattery
 God Bless you is my wish for thee

This Book in its Rounds has at last come to me
 And I now must expose what a Noodle I be
 But I will not endeavor to make up a Rhyme
 For I surely would fail so I'll not waste my time
 But I'll do something funny to make you all laugh
 By writing Below such a poor autograph

I cannot believe you are joking Dear Miss
 In sending an Old man a Volume like this
 So may you gain wisdom in what I may say
 As the Snows of December bring flowers in May
 Beware of the flatterer sharp is the sting
 And sow the Fruit to the Heart it will bring
 'Tis a Friend who will kindly bring Faults to your view
 Though he chide when you err He's no less friend to you

Gladly Down the Stream of life
 By your side a loving wife
 Bring children in your lot
 May this be your happy lot

your Book lies open on the stand
 The Pen with Ink is in my Hand
 My mind is wandering far away
 To try to find a word to say
 I want to wish you Happiness
 A Pleasant life and Joy and Peace
 But cannot bring it into Rhyme
 So I must try another time
 And if to you tis all the same
 I'll give it up and write my Name
 For then I know you all would laugh
 To see my Fanny Autograph
 Before to you the Book I send
 I'll scribble in it from your Friend

When far away think over the past
 Perhaps one thought may be of me
 Who lonely on this arid world cast
 Can now cease to think of thee
 A Flattering Foe may charm awhile
 But will not stand the winter chill
 A Friend through storms and clouds will smile
 And be though rough a Diamond still

A Riddle

I'm a word of four letters though much to be concluded
 If you take off my first you will take off one Hundred
 And the name of a foot will remain
 Then my first take away Put my first back in its place
 You will take off one Half that you took off before
 And the name of a Beast will be plain
 Put me back as at first then my first and my second
 A part of a firm Represents it is Reasoned
 You will oft see it over the Door

Cowl is a cap worn by
 monks on the head

My first second fourth Denotes Rank it is said
 My whole is a thing to be worn on the Head
 So now it will tell you no more Cowl

Changing Letters

Do you believe in an omen She wrote on the slate
 No I quickly Replied is a thing that I Hate
 Then she wrote the last word with a N Before
 Then I quickly Replied is a thing I adore
 Then she said would you like at the alter to be
 Then I added an H saying Lead me and see
 Then she quickly Replied if to you is the same
 I will leave off the H in regard to my name
 Then she said I will be Hanged if I try to please you
 Then I added a C saying that you will do
 Then she said would you like for a Ride to take me
 I Replied yes with pleasure when I added a B
 Then let us be gone if your Ready says she
 I am Ready I said if you take off the C

Maxims

Never leave cheerfulness Behind when you enter a secret Room
 Never say yes when your better judgment says No
 Never tell your Best Friend all you know
 Never Betray Trust or Confidence
 Never seem one thing and act another
 Never stoop to Flattery
 Never wait for something to turn up turn something up
 The cheapest thing is generally the Dearest
 He who always has Bad Neighbors is generally
 The worst Neighbor He has
 Those who talk most Express the least good sense
 It is cheaper to Buy than to Borrow
 Friendship is known by Deeds not words

This is added Down to show what a change
 in the meaning of a sentence. The fact of
 adding of one letter will make

These Maxims have been suggested
 to me through a long life Experience
 and I repeat them for the benefit
 of the Reading generation

Kind words are as Easy spoken as Harsh ones
Plain words are Better than Flattery

Truth and Honesty are always winners in the Race
Everything Begs its Kind so Love Begs Love and Every ^{Every} ^{begs}

Religion is a garment for Every Day wear

Thoughts are our own Property

Words Belong to Those who Hear them

Idleness is the Mother of Vice

Patience is the Mother of Success

Firmness is the Mother of Respect

Truth is the Mother of Honor

Industry is the Mother of Contentment

Intemperance is the Mother of Crime

A Clear Conscience is the Mother of Happiness

Rules for a Sick Room

On Entering a Sick Room Take Cheerfulness with you
Let your Step be Firm and your words be few but
Cheerful

Show no sign of Doubt or Fear of the Result
Of what is Expected of you

Have no conversation in Whispers in the
Presence of the Sick

Let no word or look Betray a fear of
For the Patient's Safety

Keep a cheerful countenance

Consult Nature in all you do and if
you do not know what to do do Nothing

It is better to loose a Patient than to
Kill one

Have no more assistants than is Needed

As far as possible Remove the Whims of the
Patient

These rules are suggested to be observed by the nurses among the sick

Maxims for the Children

The Truth is Best in Every Case
A Falsehood always will Debase

Remember well The Sabbath Day
Be sure you neither work or Play

A Place for Everything Prepare
When out of use be sure they're there

If you've a job of work to do
Stick to it till you get it through

As soon as you are Done with Play
Be sure to put your Things away

Early to bed will Bring you Health
Early to Rise will Bring you Wealth

The Truth is always best to Tell
A Falsehood never does as well

On Sunday Morning Neat and Clean
Be sure at Sabbath School you're seen

Talk not at the Table fit Vulgar and Rude
For children so Talk unless asking for Food

You never will tell all you know if you're wise
A Gossip all good Honest People Disprize

Work when you work and Play when you Play
But do neither one on the Bright Sabbath day
When you have work to do then work
For your Task you should not shirk

At The Manti Temple July 4th 1895

Oh tis Pleasant to meet with our Friends Here to day
Whose Faces we have known in the years Passed away
Who have toiled many years in the Kingdom of God
To scatter the News of Salvation abroad

And a few I behold who in years long ago
When the Prophet of God was here with us below
Who have listened with Pude to the Precepts He taught
His words and His Commands will Ne'er be forgot

But our Faces are wrinkled our Hair turning grey
Our feeble limbs tell us we are Passing away
But as long as we live let us stand by the Truth
That we learned from His lips in the days of our youth

That when we have finished our Mission below
We may meet Him again beyond sorrow and we
There to finish the Mission He left for us here
That His crown may be Bright He will give us to wear

At Home July 4th 1894

Dear Children once again The Muse
Is whispering unto me
It Bids me seat myself and write
The subject is of thee
I feel so lonely and so sad
As time goes swiftly By
It Plainly tells me that the End
Is Swiftly Drawing Nigh

Christ Said the Poor ye always have
But me you soon will miss
Perhaps a Lesson you may learn
In after years in this

You've always time to meet and talk
 And gossip with a friend
 To go to parties & to balls
 And meetings without end

But never think to call on me
 An hour to pass away
 To cheer a Heart that once like yours
 Was thoughtless and as gay
 But age comes on and busy life
 With me is in the past—
 And friends of youth I loved so well
 Have turned away at last

And now alone I bide my time
 Till God shall bid me come
 To leave this sad and lonely life
 To find a better home
 There I shall meet my early friends
 I loved so well in youth
 Whose toil and worn their bodies out
 To spread the curse of death

Backward Turn Backward
 Backward Turn Backward Oh time in your flight
 Make me a child again just for tonight
 Place me again on my dear Mother's Breast
 Free from the cares of this life let me Rest
 Let me again see the smile on her Face
 While she with Rapture her form will embrace
 In her dear arms for a time let me Rest
 Forgetting the sorrows that now fill my Breast.

Take me again to the Home of my Birth
 With Friends & with Kindred around the old Hearth
 There let me wander o'er meadows & hills
 Cover the wild woods & murmuring Rills
 Now Reeking Dolly to Plow out the Corn
 Till I hear the sweet sound of the old Dinner Horn
 And then to the Kitchen where Mother Presides
 With appetite craving the Food she Provides

The sweetest and best of all Dainties on Earth
 Prepared by our Mother in the Land of our Birth
 There in the Corner the Buck oven stands
 Brim full of Dainties all made by her hands
 There are Puddings & Cakes and Bread made of Rye
 And the Dearest of all is the old Pumpkin Pie
 Turn Backward Turn Backward O' Time in your Flight
 Make me a child again just for tonight

Our Families

My Mother's Sixteen Children had
 She Raised them all but one
 She Left Him Lying in New York
 Her Darling Little Son
 The Next at Westland on the Hill
 Four graves are Lying there
 Two Brothers and two Sisters Dear
 Have Slept for many a year
 At Macedon in Illinois
 Another Brother Died
 Just as to Manhood He had come
 He was our Mother's Pride
 And then at Nauvoo there we left
 Another Sister Dear

We laid Her in the silent grave
 Our Father too is there
 And then at Hannesville Iowa
 A sister Drooped and Died
 We laid Her Neath the Cold Cold clay
 With Mother By Her side
 At Salt Lake City there we left
 Two sisters Lying there
 Beneath the Cold & silent clay
 They've slept for many a year
 Our oldest Brother many years
 Has slept Neath ~~Dread~~ Soil
 And still another Father south
 Is Resting from his Toil
 One sister and three Brothers still
 Of all that little Band
 Though many many miles apart
 Are still upon the Land
 The Rest are sleeping by the way
 They're free from Toil & Pain
 Until the Resurrection Day
 Then we shall meet again

The Millennium

This world is not so bad a world
 As many people like it
 'Tis just as good and just as bad
 As we poor mortals make it
 If all the people in the world
 Would do unto each other
 As each would like to have them do
 And treat each like a Brother
 This world would then be full of joy
 And sorrow would be banished

And Hatred would be turned to Love
 And all our troubles vanished
 The time that now is spent in crime
 Would then be spent in labor
 And each one then would be as Rich
 And happy as His neighbor
 The time that's spent in Hunting crime
 The time that's spent to do it
 The time that's spent to punish crime
 And all that's wasted through it
 If it was spent in Honest Toil
 And doing good to others
 And all be rich and all be well
 And just like Honest Brothers
 One Half the world now follow crime
 For wealth or Pride or Passion
 The other Half with Honest Toil
 Support them in that fashion
 It will be thus until the Day
 Of final Separation
 The wicked then will be Destroyed
 The Righteous Rule the Nation

Feb 19th 1897 My Sweetly fourth Birth day
 How swiftly glide the years away
 Adown Life's turbid stream
 So fleet one year ago today
 To me is but a dream

Again my Natal day has come
 To day I'm Seventy Four
 And still my earthly work not done
 I'm waiting on the shore

My Early Friends! Where are they now
 They are gone and I am alone
 To struggle on a little more
 Until my work is done

Then I shall hope to meet them all
 Upon that happy shore
 To live a higher better life
 Where parting is no more.

1896
 4-15-96 My Life at 73. =

I am sitting alone in my cabin today
 I am thinking of years that have long passed away
 They are three score and ten with the adding of three
 Which the Lord in his mercy has given to me

They embrace all the years that the Prophet of God
 Proclaimed the glad news of salvation abroad
 With His trials and toils Persecutions and woes
 Till He finished His work and was slain by the Jews

They embrace all the sorrows the joys and the fears
 That the Saints have endured in these forty nine years
 Since driven by mobs over the Desert to Rome
 On the tops of these mountains to find a new Home

They were years of great sorrow of labor and toil
 Subduing the savage Reclaiming the soil
 While we built up new Homes over mountains and Dale
 Where Naught but the savage and wild Beast did dwell

But these years are all past and our labor is done
 We have finished this work that in youth we began
 For our children we found a bright sun in its path
 But for us all its rays are but dim on the west

